The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1902.

The Week.

Senator Burton of Kansas explicitly confirmed, in his speech last week at Topeka, the suspicion that the Republican leaders in the Senate did not really wish to pass the Cuban Reciprocity Bill. "They came to us," he asserts, "and encouraged us to keep up the fight." We do not see how Senator Aldrich can pass this challenge by in silence. Was he playing a double game? Did he deceive the President? Was it dread that the Sugar Trust's differential might be stricken off which led the Senatorial managers secretly to encourage the "insurgents" to persist? It is a woful tale of Republican insincerity and trickery upon which Senator Burton puts the seal of authenticity. If his assertions remain uncontradicted, we have an unparalleled case of party betrayal, and of deliberate and calculated cheating and humiliation of the President. If there is to be no punishment for such duplicity, then the blackest political crimes may hope to go unwhipped. Already, we observe, those Republican newspapers which were saying two weeks ago that the people would rebuke the Republican recreants at the polls, are changing their tone, as of course they were bound to, and remarking that the issue will be, after all, whether the policies for which the Republican party stands shall be "wrecked." But how if your chief wreckers are in that party? How can a party be trusted to keep any pledge if it would not redeem its pledge to Cuba? The real issue, we should say, is whether a party shall or shall not be made to smart for acting in what its own President has affirmed to be a dishonorable manner. Will the people renew a vote of confidence in confessed double-dealers?

Since Senator Burton took issue with the President on the question of Cuban reciprocity, it has been alleged by Mr. Burton's rivals in Kansas that the President has "turned him down" more than once in the matter of offices. It was specifically stated that the President refused to appoint Foley, Wiggam, and Richter, who had been recommended by the Senator, because of the latter's attitude towards him. Here is Mr. Burton's full and complete refutation of the charge:

> "President Roosevelt told me months ago that he would not appoint Mr. Foley, and I said I would give him another name for appointment before Congress adjourned, which I did, and the President appointed him. *Mr. Wiggam was not my appointee. That was solely the patronage of Congressman Miller, and the Indian Territory marshalship* [which was given to Mr. Richter] *was solely the patronage of the President himself.*"

The sentences which we have italicized present a graphic picture of the way in which appointments are made by Representatives, Senators, and occasionally the President—for Mr. Burton admits that once in a while the President "solely" exercises the power intrusted to him by the Constitution.

Reports that the propertied classes in Cuba are at once to organize for annexation may be ill founded, but there can be no doubt that business and industry in the island are in a bad way. The *Diario de la Marina* of July 8 declares that the news which it gets from the country, and the events recorded in the regional press, "could not be more alarming or disheartening." Thousands of laborers, it asserts, are out of work, and with no prospect of getting any. Many are even suffering from hunger. Two thousand workmen recently left Manzanillo to go to Mexico in search of employment. Sugar mills are being abandoned and preparations for the next crop abandoned, on many plantations, in despair. This is the testimony, be it remembered, of an impartial newspaper, which knows nothing of party politics in Cuba, and has no interest except that of stating the facts. It is a mournful account of American stewardship in the island. We shall not soon see another American President inviting his fellow-countrymen to glory over their unexampled generosity to Cuba. Let us charitably hope that it is to hide its own shame that the Jingo press has lately taken to abusing the Cubans, telling them that their request that we remove our coal from Havana is a mere "bluff," and asserting that we need a naval station there and will have it, whether they like it or not.

The *Evening Post's* Washington correspondent presents the apology of the Roosevelt Administration for the postponement of the President's campaign against Trusts until after the adjournment of Congress. It simply comes to this, that Mr. Roosevelt all along had wanted such legislation as he earnestly advocated in his speech at Pittsburgh three days after the Senators and Representatives who might have enacted it had left Washington, but that he followed the advice of Attorney-General Knox to see what could be done with the present so-called Sherman Anti-Trust Law before asking for anything more. Accordingly, the apology proceeds, the prosecutions of the Northern Securities Company and the Beef Trust were started largely with the idea of giving Mr. Knox points for the supplementary legislation which it was thought, some weeks ago, might be needed, and which both the President and the Attorney-General became convinced was demanded. This conclusion having been reached, the measure required will be carefully framed during the recess, and then "an anti-Trust bill will go through Congress at its next session by a practically unanimous Republican party vote, if by no other. This is the Administration programme," announces the well-informed correspondent.

One serious defect in this apology is the fact that the next session of Congress will be the short one, with much less than ninety days of working time, and with more to do in the line of ordinary legislation than can be well done. Another difficulty about the Administration's defence of its silence on the Trust issue until after Congress had adjourned, is found in the character of the promise now given that the action which was concededly needed before the last session ended will be taken at the next session. "An anti-Trust bill," we are now assured, "will go through Congress at its next session with a practically unanimous vote." How does the country know this will be done? Why, because "this is the Administration programme." If the Roosevelt Administration had not yet encountered Congress, the nation might be ready to accept such a guarantee. But people remember that the Administration had a "programme" on a most vital issue when Congress met last December. It was set forth by the President in these pungent words:

> "I most earnestly ask your attention to the wisdom—indeed, to the vital need—of providing for a substantial reduction in the tariff duties on Cuban imports into the United States. . . . We are bound by every consideration of honor and expediency to pass commercial measures in the interest of her material well-being."

People also remember that Congress adjourned without having carried out this "Administration programme." What assurance can the President give that the same Congress will be any more tractable when another "Administration programme" is sent from the White House to the Capitol next winter?

Representative Griggs, Chairman of the Democratic Congressional Committee, loses no time in reminding the Republicans and President Roosevelt how open to ridicule they will be for suddenly discovering that there is need of Federal legislation against Trusts. Do they want to make the campaign one huge joke? Or is their anti-Trust demonstration merely a passing feint? Mr. Griggs puts the case pungently. While actually in session, with Congress in their complete control, the Republicans did not lift a

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finger, did not even peep or mutter, against the Trusts. On the contrary, they applied their fine brute majority to voting down every proposal of the Democrats really to do something to restrain and punish monopolies. How, then, can it be taken as other than pure farce, or the coolest impudence, for the Republicans to go about the country declaring that it is necessary to keep them in power in order to curb the Trusts? The question will be thrown in President Roosevelt's face with every speech he makes. He will be asked to state whether the whole thing is a sham, whether he has flung himself into the movement with the rash enthusiasm of youthful ignorance, or whether he has maturely considered it and is in the fight to stay. Now we beg to assure him again that the only way in which he can make his sincerity and determination entirely clear in this business is frankly to say that he stands ready to see the tariff breastworks of the Trusts levelled to the ground. If he does not mean to fight as one that beateth the air, that is the blow he must be prepared to deliver.

Missouri halts the movement for Democratic reorganization upon the basis of ignoring the Kansas City platform of 1900 and taking a fresh start, which was begun in Indiana and continued its advance in Illinois. The regular State convention of the party does not meet until July 22, but a special convention was held at Springfield last week to nominate three candidates for the Supreme Court. The reorganizers wanted to remit all matters pertaining to State and National affairs to the later convention, and have no more platform now than an endorsement of the Democratic Governor and other State officials; and the majority of the Committee on Resolutions so reported. But a Bryanite promptly moved to amend by adding a resolution that "we, the Democrats of Missouri, in convention assembled, do hereby endorse the principles of the Democratic party as enunciated in the National Democratic platform of 1900 in Kansas City"; and, after a lively discussion, this was carried by the overwhelming vote of 501 to 199. It is significant that all but four of the 122 delegates from the city of St. Louis were against clinging to the silver folly any longer, but most of the farmers remained faithful to Bryanism. There is reason to fear that this tendency prevails among many Democrats in rural districts at the South and in the further West, and the existence of such a sentiment is a serious obstacle to harmony in the party.

It was all very well for Congress to get rid of the currency difficulty in the Philippines by shelving it, but that does not help matters in Manila. Not only merchants, but army officers and teachers and other civilian employees, are left at the mercy of a fluctuating exchange which makes them unable to tell in advance what the net product of their salaries will be. Secretary Root is said to be overwhelmed with remonstrances from business men in the Philippines, and protests from school-teachers, all dwelling on the mischief of the present financial chaos in the archipelago. The two houses of Congress could not agree on a remedy, and so, with a sigh of relief, decided to apply none. But how imperatively one is needed, every Manila mail which reaches the War Department testifies afresh. Many of the teachers write that they will be forced to resign and return home unless they can be assured of getting full value for their wages. They at least will be ready, in the far-off Philippines, to believe that "the wisdom of Congress" diminishes directly as the square of the distance. That is a principle which the whole history of colonization has established almost mathematically.

Gen. Chaffee's relief, after two years of service as commanding general in the Philippines, comes as a surprise. It is at his own request, however, and, as the latest Manila reports have represented him as being worn out by his heavy responsibilities, he has evidently had all the tropical service good for him. He will probably be able to report by September 30 the total pacification of the islands. Both Gens. Otis and MacArthur have asserted their claims to the exclusive use of the title of conqueror, but it goes almost without saying that Gen. Chaffee's régime has been the most successful from the military point of view. Essentially a soldier, and not a diplomat, Gen. Chaffee has stuck to his work with great grit, and—marvellous as it seems—we cannot recall that he has made a foolish speech or given out a "sensational" interview during the entire period. He has trusted his subordinates and given them a free hand. When the Waller case was brought to his attention, he was quick to take it up, and his comment upon it reveals a man of humane instincts. While slow to begin social relations with the Filipinos, he did finally follow the lead of the Civil Commission in trying to get at the leading natives of Manila. Like all his predecessors, he has frequently erred for lack of personal information as to what was going on among his troops. His ignorance of the water cure, if it was ignorance, is a case in point, for he could have stopped it at any time had he so desired.

Lieut. A. J. Dougherty, Twenty-eighth Infantry, has written a valuable letter from the Philippines to the *Army and Navy Journal* in defence of the present "dry" or temperance canteen. "Of the many who loudly condemn the canteen without beer, I do not know one who has given it an honest trial," he declares. He then proceeds to give his experiences with a "dry canteen" which he organized for his company last March, in a town which contains half-a-dozen native rum-shops and a saloon run by an American "civilizer." From January 15 to March 15 forty-five soldiers were tried for drunkenness. In the two months following the establishment of the "dry" post exchange by Lieut. Dougherty, only two men similarly offended. In view of these facts, he thinks that the present system should be given a fair trial, and not be generally condemned because of individual prejudices. It is interesting to note that Lieut. Dougherty disposes of still another argument of those who would give the soldier Government beer. The profits of his exchange were $367.10, while there was $169 worth of stock on hand at the end of the period mentioned, although the canteen was started without any capital. Henceforth it will be difficult to appeal for the beer canteen on the ground of the extra luxuries and comforts it earns for the soldier, as compared with the temperance exchange.

President Schurman spoke a fit word on "Education in the Philippines" in his address before the National Education Association at Minneapolis on Thursday last. Confident of the capacity of the Filipinos to receive and profit by the best that the Occident can teach them, he went on to say that we could not pretend to be carrying to them education unless it included instruction in American political philosophy. This, as Mr. Schurman pointed out, is something all our own. It has asserted the value of liberty in and of itself. It has glorified a self-governing democracy as the broadest-based, and so the safest and most stable, form of government. It has preached national independence as the right and blessing of every people. Now, is it to be supposed that we Americans can educate the Filipinos without imparting to them these fundamental political doctrines? Can we teach them applied mechanics and withhold from them applied freedom? The questions answer themselves. If we are sincere in our professed desire to educate the Filipinos, we must hold up before ourselves, and before them, the goal of an independent Philippine republic. It is because President Schurman believes in Filipino education that he believes also in Filipino independence as its sure consummation. Aspiration for independence will certainly not be diminished by education.

The Agricultural Department's estimate of crop conditions, published on Thursday afternoon, shows that the dangers to the various harvests are by no

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means past, and will not be for two months yet. But the first and most serious of them—the blighting of the crop in the early stages of its growth—has been passed successfully. This is precisely the week when, a year ago, it became known that the growing corn was seriously damaged. It is true that the hot wave continued for weeks after this period; it was not, in fact, until the 20th of August that the devastating drought in the Missouri valley was finally broken. But, with corn, the point of interest is that conditions are such already as to preclude entirely any general harm from drought. Meantime, the average condition of the crop, with a largely increased acreage, appears to indicate a corn yield not only running a billion bushels beyond 1901, but exceeding all other corn crops in our history. Probably there will be some impairment later on, but hardly such as to upset expectations badly. Wheat, on the other hand, does not make as good a showing as last year. Early drought in the winter-wheat belt cut down prospects at the start, and some decrease in the Northwestern acreage added its effect; so that the probable yield is a full 100,000,000 bushels less than in 1901. It should be added, however, that last year's wheat crop was abnormally large—a fact which did very much to offset the bad results of the corn-crop failure. Except for the huge production of last year, and one or two others equally exceptional, the indicated wheat yield for 1902 is greater than any actually harvested in the past.

Why should a change in the English premiership seem so much more important than one in the French? Why does Mr. Balfour succeeding Lord Salisbury win from us an attention which we never thought of giving to M. Combes when he replaced Waldeck-Rousseau? Something, of course, must be allowed for the interest which we take in the politics of a nation of our own blood and speech, and which, in the nature of the case, must be more vivid than that we feel in the public life of any other European country. But, beyond all this, we see in England a party system of government, still in full vigor, under which the party leadership stands for a solid and continuing representation of the people in a way quite impossible in France. There we have factions and "groups," instead of parties—or, if there are parties, they present themselves as if resolved into their ultimate and discordant atoms. The result is that the customary French premiership has too much the air of an ephemeral success in temporarily harmonizing conflicting interests. In this there is no promise of stability, and little of real power even for the day. Premiers come and go. But the English Government strikes its roots deeper. Its chief is such through representing and controlling stronger and more enduring political forces than a French Prime Minister ever feels at his back. Mr. Balfour may not be in his own person a more attractive or puissant figure than M. Combes; but he cannot but appear so, because of the body of English liberty, slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent, of which he is the product.

Now that the war in South Africa is over, the English are beginning to take a different attitude about the achievements of their army, and to maintain that no other troops could have done so well. Comparisons unfavorable to the German army appear here and there. At Tientsin and Pekin, it is declared, the Anglo-Indian contingent proved far more mobile than the Germans, and showed "a more soldierly grasp of the exigencies of the case." A German general is cited, too, as stating his belief that no other nation could have done as well, so that there is a general feeling of jubilation in English military circles, despite the fact that Gen. Buller has at last publicly revealed himself as the totally incompetent officer he proved to be at Colenso in 1899. A similar feeling was noticeable in this country in 1898 at the close of the war with Spain. Of course, we blundered and wasted human lives in our death-camps, but, after all, we licked the Spaniards, was the cry. In England this change of feeling is ominous for the reform of the army. Possibly the Cabinet change may give Lord Roberts the occasion for retirement, and Lord Kitchener the opportunity, as commander-in-chief, to put through some of the reforms he has at heart. So far there have been few signs, indeed, of any serious movement towards a reorganization, and there has never been much confidence in Mr. Broderick's ability to overcome the enormous social influence which makes for a continuance of the present order of things military.

The Emperor William is a realist among statesmen. He frankly recognizes power, whether it present itself to him in the form of a pedigree or a checkbook. With Cecil Rhodes he met as with a fellow-monarch; he scandalized his own nobility by taking the rich shipowner, Herr Ballin, off with him on his private yacht; so why should he not receive Mr. Morgan at Berlin with the honors usually reserved for royalty? That gentleman's countrymen have watched his European progress with mixed emotions. The kowtowing, or else the panic, which has marked his descent on various foreign shores, stirs their sense of the ridiculous, if it also flatters their national pride. If they could only forget their own frightened shrieks about him in 1893, they could laugh quite heartily at the agitated foreigners who are in such a state of dread lest he buy up all of their property, at three or four times what it is worth. This American invader must certainly seem a new type of Western democracy to the royalties who entertain him. Instead of clapping Cæsar's self upon the back and calling him "Old Hoss," the new style of "strong-limbed Goth" from over the seas takes his imperial attentions as the most natural thing in the world, and returns from Sans-Souci to eat, with the utmost *sang froid*, his "Salade, Steel Trust." But we observe that the German press is agog with wonder what *coup* Mr. Morgan will spring next.

The retirement from office of the Prussian Minister, Herr von Thielen, who for eleven years has been head of the Bureau of Public Works, has called forth praise for his achievements even from political opponents. Having had twenty-seven years' experience on the Prussian railroads before becoming a member of the Council of Ministers, it was expected that the railway system particularly would benefit by his incumbency, and public opinion was not disappointed. Since 1891, the mileage has been increased 28 per cent., eighty millions of dollars have been spent on new and old stations, new and more powerful locomotives and more comfortable cars have been introduced, as well as additional safeguards in the way of air-brakes and electric block signals. Some few changes were effected in passenger and freight rates, and experiments made with a view to the use of electricity as motive power for long-distance traffic. Although himself slow to move in matters affecting wages and personnel, Herr von Thielen's incumbency has been distinguished by an increase in pay of some of the employees and a shortening of the hours of others. It is noteworthy, however, that the latter changes were in part due to a series of bad accidents attributed in many instances to overworked employees. None the less, this record of improvements is noteworthy in a state which is naturally extremely conservative and apt to be far behind private companies in the development of its lines. It has even been claimed for it that its trains are, on the whole, faster than our American ones; a contention which has been completely demolished by Mr. G. G. Tunell in the last *Journal of Political Economy*. Gen. Budde, the new Minister of Public Works, is a distinguished retired officer, who gained much knowledge of railroading while attached to the General Staff. He is also considered a canal expert, is a man of great energy, and, although only a little more than fifty, has had experience in the Prussian Chamber, and, since his retirement, has been head of a private ordnance and ammunition factory. Much is expected from his appointment, which has, in some circles, however, given rise to a fear that the Emperor means to still further "militarize" the Government.

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JINGOISM AND THE RIGHTS OF NATIONS.

The cause of Right in its contest with Might has evidently been weakened for the time by the inroads which science and criticism have made on religious belief. Not that Jingoism is without a religion. It seems that religion of some kind is necessary to all. Flag-worship is the religion of the Jingo, and the presence of the flag constitutes right, and is the warrant for all that is done under it. The other day at Boston a ragman was fined twenty dollars for desecrating the flag by wrapping up rags in it, and the patriotic policeman who arrested him was presented with an honorary medal. What could a Catholic have done more in a case of desecration of the Host?

Of the influence of the growing belief that Might makes Right in international questions we have an incidental illustration in Mr. Norman's 'All the Russias,' a very interesting book and one of high literary merit. Mr. Norman vividly depicts the state of the Russian Empire—the unfettered, limitless, absolute rule of one man over his fellows; a Holy Synod whose God-given task it is to coerce or cajole into orthodoxy; a metropolitan society lapped in every luxury, esteeming manners more highly than morals; a vast and roadless country where settlements are to distances like fly-specks to window-panes, where the conveniences, the comforts, and often the decencies of civilization may be sought in vain outside the towns, where entire villages are the prey of hideous disease; a peasantry lodged in dilapidated hovels, living in dirt and inexpressibly verminous, generally given to drunkenness, seven-tenths of them illiterate, and sometimes the victims of most revolting superstitions. Add to this a conscription which tears the youths from their homes to be made food for the cannon in the service of an insatiable ambition; add also the inevitable consequences—the wild heavings of discontent repressed by the Cossack's cruel whip, student rebellions, nihilism with its dynamite bombs, and huge state prisons with their mysteries of horrors.

"I only desire here," says Mr. Norman, summing up, "to make clear the two great characteristics of the Russian social fabric, without an appreciation of which no Russian question or prospect can be intelligently judged—autocracy, the semi-divine, unquestioned, unbounded authority, at the top; its counterpart, illiterate, superstitious, brute-like dependence and automatonism, at the bottom."

On the other hand, Mr. Norman describes Finland, annexed by the fortunes of war and territorial rapine to Russia, but still preserving by treaty a partial autonomy, a Constitution with a Diet, and political rights of its own. Finland is a country, naturally barren, which intelligent and strenuous industry has made fertile. The character of the Finn is attractive. "Within his hard shell there is a tender kernel of romance and playfulness and song." He is temperate, the sale of alcohol in any shape or form being absolutely prohibited outside the towns. Finland is a land of schools. Except upon the eastern frontier, which is still backward, everybody can read and write. Out of every hundred of the entire population, something like twenty-three are at school. Out of a population of 2,380,000, there are 2,600 university students. Learned societies flourish. The country is prosperous, the public debt is small, and every penny has been incurred for construction of railroads.

But Russia now seeks to swallow Finland and deprive the Finns of their local nationality and their Constitutional privileges. Mr. Norman's judgment as to the rights of the question seems clear. "There is no doubt whatever," he says, "the contention of the Finns is right and that of the Russians wrong." "When Finland," he adds, "was taken from Sweden and annexed to Russia in 1809, the Czar Alexander I. conferred upon it, and conferred willingly and from conviction of the expediency of the act, a distinct autonomy, and that autonomy has been confirmed by the coronation declaration of each succeeding Czar." We might suppose, then, that Mr. Norman would give judgment emphatically in favor of the Finn, and would speak with indignation and sorrow of the attempt to merge a free, noble, and progressive nationality in the dead expanse of Russian slavery. Not so:

"To be quite frank," he says, "the charge of violation of the Finnish Constitution is met by one simple consideration. As a matter of plain fact, there is in human affairs of this kind no such thing as finality. Or, rather, the only final thing is *force majeure*—imperative national self-interest. Before that, all promises are air, and all treaties are black marks on white paper. I put this brutally (foreseeing the consequences), but there is no use in mincing words. Every student of history, politics, or diplomacy knows it to be the simple truth; and every country, not Russia alone, affords examples in proof. Germany broke her promises to Denmark. France broke her promises about Madagascar. To come nearer home, England has repeatedly pledged herself to evacuate Egypt, and the United States was solemnly pledged to grant complete independence to Cuba. None of these pledges seems likely to be kept. Therefore, if it is, in the judgment of Russia, an imperative condition of her national prosperity or security that her relations with Finland should be fundamentally altered, she will only be following the ordinary line of historical and modern precedents by breaking her promises and tearing up her pledges. I do not defend the principle—I state the fact. 'Pity 'tis, 'tis true.'"

If Mr. Norman, a man of honor, does not defend the principle, he practically ratifies it as one of general application. It would apply to the relations of other great Powers with small nationalities, as well as to those of Russia with Finland; to the relations of Germany with Denmark and Holland, and to those of France with Belgium and Switzerland. It has just been applied to the relations of the British Empire with the two little South African Republics. Against its application in the case last mentioned, the Boer has fought heroically, so as to make predatory Powers beware, rendering thereby a lasting service to the cause of national independence.

"In conclusion," says Mr. Norman, "there is one more consideration which those who raise the loudest cries of illegality would do well to ponder. Russia, as one of her leading statesmen remarked to me, might, with perfect ease and safety and in all the odor of perfect legality, absorb the whole of Finland next month, and wipe it off the map as a separate entity. This would be the simple process: First, she announces that she withdraws from all protection over Finland, and grants to the former grand duchy absolute and complete national independence. Then, as the presence of an independent and possibly hostile state upon her exposed frontier would be obviously incompatible with her national security, she marches an army corps into Finland and annexes the country—lock, stock, and barrel. White to play—mate in two moves. There would be a huge outcry, but anybody who knows anything of contemporary Europe, knows that not a finger would be raised to stop her. And I do not see an American fleet steaming up the Baltic. Thus Russia could get all she wants, and infinitely more than she is asking, without transgressing for an instant or by a hair's breadth that sacred formal legality in which laws and lawyers often perpetrate injustice everywhere."

Had such a scheme of territorial spoliation under pretence of political necessity been devised by an Italian politician in the fifteenth century and recorded with approbation by Machiavelli, it would seem characteristic of that age. But here we have it endorsed by an English Liberal M.P. in the twentieth century as a perfectly natural method of circumventing the plain dictates of international morality, styled by him "that sacred formal legality in which laws and lawyers often perpetrate injustice everywhere." That the technicalities of law do sometimes, perhaps inevitably, work injustice, may be true; but the lawyers do not mean to do injustice, nor do honest men speak of it with levity as a clever application of the principle of *force majeure*.

In another part of the book Mr. Norman speaks of Skobeleff's massacre of the Turkomans, who, by his own account of them, must have been decidedly superior to the muzhiks and more full of promise for humanity:

"For two years Skobeleff made his preparations, and on January 1, 1881, he delivered his first attack upon this Turkoman stronghold [Geok Tepe] with 8,000 troops and more than fifty guns. Inside was the flower of the Turkoman race, with 7,000 women and children. Their felt tents were set on fire by petroleum bombs, artillery rained shell and shrapnel on them, gradually the trenches drew nearer; but they fought with a desperation which kept the Russians at bay for three weeks, and on more than one occasion they routed the invaders in a hand-to-hand struggle, and slashed them to death in their own trenches, leaving Russian heads and limbs scattered about. But the inevitable end came, and the slaughter of every male left in the fortress, and, after it, that terrible Cossack pursuit of flying men and women for ten miles."

"Opinions differ," says Mr. Norman,

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"as to this part of the struggle." But he leaves his readers in no doubt as to the side to which his opinion leans. "If you would strike only once and thus be more merciful in the end, you must strike hard—was Skobeleff's motto in dealing with Orientals, as it has been that of all who have understood the Eastern character."' There follows a playful allusion to the scarcity of bridegrooms for Turkoman brides consequent on the massacre.

Timur is, in Mr. Norman's estimation, "the mighty conqueror, one of the world's greatest dead." The epithets are well bestowed if devastation and massacre, both on the most hideous scale, are to be taken as proofs of greatness. The erection of triumphal pyramids of heads was Timur's particular fancy. On the ruins of Bagdad he erected a pyramid of ninety thousand. Covering a plain with children and seeing them trampled to death by his cavalry was another of his diversions. The great Jingo founded nothing permanent except the buildings of Samarcand—colossal, but, if we may judge from Mr. Norman's photographs, devoid of art.

How far will Jingoism go and how long will it last? Will it prevail, as some Jingoes seem to hope, till all the small nationalities have been absorbed by great predatory Powers? The answer to this and some other critical questions must greatly depend on the elaboration of a more settled basis for morality.

FINLAND'S LATEST TROUBLES.

For some months past the news from Finland has been of a disquieting character. The accounts of the riots in Helsingfors in April last were undoubtedly much exaggerated, particularly in the European press, but the cause—the calling out of the first army recruits conscripted under the law of July 12, 1901—continues to arouse universal ill feeling. According to the latest reports, between 70 and 80 per cent. of those designated for military service have failed to present themselves. Naturally there has been and is much anxiety throughout Finland as to the course the Russian authorities will take to punish the recalcitrants for what is undoubtedly a national protest against legislation plainly contrary to the Constitution of Finland. Fortunately, the only action on the part of the St. Petersburg authorities thus far announced, the appointment of an assistant to the Governor-General, bears on its face some evidence that a milder policy towards the unfortunate Finns is under consideration.

The law of July 12, 1901, which has caused the existing crisis, is but another step in the Russianizing of Finland which has gone on so rapidly under the present Czar. Prior to the so-called reforms of last year, the organization of the Finnish troops was, on the whole, a pretty satisfactory one from the military point of view. Moreover, the policy by which Finns served next to and under their countrymen appealed particularly to a people whose Constitutional privileges are disappearing one by one. This has all been done away with, and the conscripts are now to be forced into Russian regiments, while the old organizations have been mustered out for all time. Since the Finns differ from the Russians in religion, habits, and customs of life, and speak a language of their own, it is much as if Hindus were forced to serve in Anglo-Saxon regiments. It is not surprising that, under these circumstances, the few Finns who have responded to the call have been hooted and jeered and regarded as cowards or traitors in more places than one.

But, more important than this and than the doubling of the quota required from Finland, is the fact that the law itself has been forced upon the country regardless of its Constitutional prerogatives. The first proposals for the Russianizing of the army in Finland were laid before the lower house of Parliament in 1899, and were rejected. At the same time some changes were made in the directions desired, which would, it was thought, appease the War Office. This did not, however, prove to be the case, and the Governor-General, Bobrikoff, succeeded, with the aid of the Czar, in forcing the present decree upon the people without the consent of Parliament. The first result was an immediate protest by half a million citizens in the shape of an address to the Czar, in which it was maintained that the decree could not be regarded as a legal enactment. There was also a petition for a return to the Constitutional method of enacting such laws. No attention whatsoever was paid to this appeal, and Bobrikoff set himself in hot haste to the disbandment of the troops, regardless of the consequences, personal and financial, to officers and men. The local recruiting boards having declined to act further, the general conscription commissions were empowered to select the new men needed—another unconstitutional action which fanned the growing flames of resentment.

So bitter was the feeling in Helsingfors that on the 17th of April only 56 of the city's 860 conscripts presented themselves in the presence of a large and ugly crowd, which protested, by word and deed, against their appearance. It was not difficult for the Governor of the province to find an excuse to let loose without warning a squadron of Cossacks upon the indignant people. These hated foreigners did not hesitate to ride down and beat men, women, and children wherever they could overtake them. For these valiant services they were publicly highly praised by Governor-General Bobrikoff. An indignant protest to the Czar from the city fathers has met the same fate as the petition mentioned above.

Nobody can foretell what the outcome will be. There are still those who expect better days for Finland, despite the evident desire of Bobrikoff and his followers to destroy every vestige of popular government and wipe out every evidence of a separate nationality. The optimists base their hopes upon the resolute moral opposition of the entire people to the present Russian policy, and upon the hope that some day the Czar will see through the tissue of misstatements and falsehoods which now prevents his hearing and seeing the truth about Finland. Those who feel thus have taken fresh courage at the appointment, as assistant to the Governor-General, of Privy Councillor von Dietrich, hitherto president of a St. Petersburg court, and noted for his unusual knowledge of the law. When he assumes office this month, it is thought that he will represent a milder policy than that lately pursued, or at least a determination to Russianize Finland by Constitutional methods.

As Finland's case now stands, it is still another impressive object-lesson as to the folly of attempting to destroy nationalities by force. Poland was finally wiped off the map in 1868, yet the hope of a national existence has never died out among Poles. So strong is it in Polish Russia that the Government has had to appropriate large sums of money for a campaign to keep its own influence from waning, and has begun a clever policy with a view to dividing the Poles among themselves. In Austria-Hungary, the strife of the various nationalities is the story of each day. In South Africa, by permitting the use of the Dutch language in schools and courts, by declining to suspend the Cape Colony Constitution, by praise of their quondam enemies, and by liberal financial assistance, the English seem to have begun upon a far-sighted policy. For the United States in the Philippines there is but one proper action—the building up and welding together of the Philippine nation, that it may go its own way at an early day.

SALISBURY AND BALFOUR.

The personal interest which attaches to the Marquis of Salisbury, whose long-expected retirement is now an accomplished fact, is almost greater than the political. His public prominence for so many years served to exhibit in a strong light those qualities of private character which make the man a more fascinating study than the statesman. The real problem of his official career is, how such a personality as his—so proud, so aloof, so disdainful of the tendencies of his age, especially of its democratic

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tendencies; no orator, no organizer; consistently a retired student by choice, and ever a reserved *grand seigneur* in a day of chattering familiarity—how such a man could have been leader of a great party in a great democracy for nearly a quarter of a century.

Lord Salisbury's natural tastes would have held him in the still air of delightful studies where his youth, as a younger son, was passed. Rosebery has given us one of his own boyhood's memories in recounting a glimpse he had at Hatfield House of "a tall bookish figure" stealing out of the library with a volume in his hand. It was Lord Robert Cecil. He was in his element as student, writer, *Saturday Reviewer;* and it was apparently only his unexpected accession to the headship of the family that made him turn his thoughts to public affairs. The Cecils had been a ruling house in England for three hundred years, and he took up that tradition with the title. It was, indeed, as a kind of hereditary ruler that he ever bore himself. No aristocrat could have hated and despised "popular movements" more than he did. One of his earliest speeches in the Commons breathed a sort of Coriolanus feeling as respects "the people." He was opposing a bill to remove the tax on newspapers, and "could it be maintained," asked Lord Robert, "that the people would learn anything from newspapers?" It was this lordly air of a Cecil that he carried into official life throughout. He had unquestionably great powers. It is probably not true that Bismarck said of him that he was a lath painted to look like iron; but if he did, it was a most mistaken characterization. The real metal was there. How he impressed so cool a head as Jowett may be seen in a letter of the latter's to Sir R. B. D. Morier:

> "Salisbury," he wrote, "is a man of great ability and perhaps even genius, but impulsive, forgetting one day what he did the day before, and imprudent to the last degree without being aware of his imprudence. He will settle off his own bat things of which he knows nothing, and is very reckless of consequences."

Salisbury's cynicism, his air of entire detachment from all that interested his fellow-men, his scorn for "people's tribunes"—if he disliked Gladstone, he loathed Chamberlain—would have made his leadership of the Conservative party for two decades a hopeless puzzle, unless those unprepossessing qualities had been overbalanced, as they were, by commanding parts. Proud as he was with a kind of mediæval pride, he was yet a thorough Englishman in submitting to the inevitable in politics, and in playing the game through without going off in a fit of the sulks. When Disraeli "dished the Whigs" in 1867, by outbidding them in an enlargement of the franchise, Salisbury (Lord Cranborne, as he then was) rated his leader openly, and accused him of being a traitor to Conservative principles; but he himself lived to pass, as Premier, an Irish land bill more radical than any that Mr. Gladstone ever fathered, and to be denounced in turn as a swallower of his own words and a renegade. Even, however, with this ability reluctantly to compromise, he carried into domestic legislation, as a rule, a spirit of "haughty unwisdom"—to borrow a felicitous phrase used of him by John Bright in 1878. He made himself a necessary man to his party, but it never followed him with enthusiasm, and always lived in fear lest one of his "blazing indiscretions" should bring political disaster upon it.

It was in foreign affairs that Lord Salisbury left his deepest mark. "I feel," wrote Lord Lytton to him in 1878, when he first went to the Foreign Office, "that you are destined to be one of England's greatest Foreign Ministers." There was, of course, a dash of "Lucile" exuberance in this, but Salisbury's great achievements in foreign affairs have been admitted even by his enemies. Bright said of him that he "left his unwisdom for home consumption"; and the series of international agreements on vexed questions which he concluded in his last term of office—with Germany, with France, with the United States, with Japan—would alone be enough to establish his fame. It was perhaps as much his misfortune as his fault that the burden of years and of personal sorrow should have induced him to leave the negotiations with the Transvaal in 1899 in the hands of an astute and too little scrupulous Colonial Secretary. It is impossible, at any rate, to believe that if Lord Salisbury had kept his grasp upon that affair, he would have allowed a causeless war to mar a premiership which otherwise would have associated his name in history with many notable victories of peace.

His predestined successor in the Conservative leadership was Mr. Balfour. As long ago as 1891, Mr. Bryce predicted in these columns that Balfour would become Prime Minister if he lived. It was not simply that he belonged to one of the great families—he is Lord Salisbury's nephew—but that his intellectual and moral qualities had marked him out for the succession. He has, or assumes, a languid manner; and his uncle's cynicism, often unfeeling, has descended to him in the form of witty and good-humored sarcasm. He is no orator, though a very able speaker; his mind being analytic, and his most powerful speeches being a merciless dissection of the arguments of others. In exposition he is less happy; and, as leader of the House of Commons, he has often shown great vacillation, and even something that looked like ignorance of the matter in hand—the pending Education Bill, for example—in piloting bills through the troubled waters of debate. He is reputed to be averse to hard work, though this may be only a result of a studied intellectual superciliousness, which Tories like, and an unwillingness to sit out tedious discussions in the House. As an administrator, his talent is all to be proved, if we except his Irish Secretaryship, where his rôle was mainly the simple one of repression, not administration. Yet he impressed Mr. Bryce eleven years ago as having "a fund of self-reliance and composure equal to any emergency."

He will have to draw upon it at once. His succession to the premiership is natural and easy; but to maintain himself there will require powers greater than any he has yet displayed. Already we see, in the resignation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that there are serious differences and embittered factions in the Conservative party. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's prompt throwing up of his office will be interpreted as a result of Prime Minister Balfour's having to choose between him and Chamberlain, and having thrown himself into the arms of the latter. Chamberlain is undoubtedly the more influential political leader, but is a dangerous man for Balfour to tie to. In any case, extensive party readjustments are inevitable, and a dissolution of Parliament cannot be long delayed. An exciting political period in England will be too soon upon us to make prophecy about it at this time seem anything but an unusually gratuitous blunder. Enough to-day to note the passing of one great figure in English public life, and the accession of a Premier of fine gifts and high character, who is a good friend of the United States, and a statesman whose rise by sheer ability makes one hope that he will be level with the great opportunities now before him.

PRICES AND THE INCREASING GOLD SUPPLY.

The active resumption of gold-mining in the Transvaal, with the probability that before many months South Africa will again be enlarging the annual gold supply at the rate of three years ago, has revived in many quarters discussion of the effect which this increase in the world's output may have on commercial prices. So far as regards the gold supply itself, the position is rather curious. By the estimates of our mint, the world's gold production reached its maximum in 1899. Before the Boer war broke out in October of that year, the Transvaal was producing gold at the rate of some $80,000,000 annually. During 1900 and 1901, its yearly production was cut down by the war blockade to less than eight millions annually. Had production in other quarters of the globe remained stationary, the world's yearly supply would have decreased correspondingly. In the United States, however, the annual gold production increased $8,000,000 in 1900, and a million more in 1901. Canada produced $6,500,000 more in 1900

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than in the year preceding, and while Australia's output decreased slightly, India's increased; the net result being a world's production in 1900 only $51,500,000 below 1899, with the difference even less marked in 1901.

In other words, resumption of its maximum output by the Transvaal—expected by the close of the present year—should immediately raise the world's annual supply to a figure beyond any recorded. Furthermore, it is believed by many experts that the Transvaal's annual production will be increased, in the next few years, as rapidly as it was in the three years before the war began—within which time its yearly output expanded from 2,280,000 ounces to 4,295,000. It is natural, in the face of such expectations, that the question should again be asked, what influence such additions to the world's supplies may have on the outside markets.

M. Leroy-Beaulieu discusses the question in a recent number of the *Économiste Français*. Briefly to sum up his article, he holds that in twenty-five years the stock of gold which he estimates to exist in the world to-day will be doubled. But as against the conceivable results of such expansion, he points out the rapid increase in population of the various states and the still more rapid increase in trade activity. The new nations, such as Japan, which are adapting their trade to modern business methods, are suggested as a moderating influence, and the countries which now use paper money, but which may convert their currencies, are finally brought into the problem. In short, M. Leroy-Beaulieu does not look for anything like a serious disturbance of the world's markets as a consequence of the coming increase in gold production.

The assumption on which the argument is based, that so great a ratio of increase is at hand, will probably be disputed in many quarters. We shall not undertake now to argue the highly technical question as to the existing stock of gold. For the present, it is enough to know that the ratio of annual increase is likely to pass beyond all precedent. That of itself is a phenomenon worthy of study as to its possible results. M. Leroy-Beaulieu undertakes to trace the course of action of the new gold supply on trade. It falls first into the hands of people employed about the mines and of capitalists interested in them. Through them it influences, first, the demand for luxuries; second, the volume of bank reserves; and, third, the inquiry for investment securities. Then, but more slowly, its influence, in his judgment, passes into other and remoter quarters. In general, this analysis conforms to that employed by Professor Cairnes in examining the movement and effects of the new gold produced in Australia and California, half a century ago. Professor Cairnes laid more stress on the displacement of labor in other industries, through the larger inducements of mining, and less on the question of bank reserves. This is natural, because he wrote in the day of the individual worker at a "claim," before the time of the cyanide process and the Kaffir "boy," and because the later economies in bank credits, based wholly or partly on cash reserves, have raised the banking phase of the question to more conspicuous importance.

The argument from increased reserves in banking institutions is inviting at first sight, because the money market is in the habit of drawing its own quick inferences from an increase or decrease in the reserve of a given institution. The situation of the present day, however, presents a rather striking offset to this influence, in the shape of expanded capitalizations. Nowhere is this phenomenon more notable than in the gold-mining industry itself, which is nowadays commonly capitalized, recapitalized, and at last overcapitalized. A dozen Transvaal companies mentioned in the London mining manuals, most of whose properties did not exist a few years ago, have to-day a total market valuation not far from $500,000,000, and they by no means measure the full capitalization of the Rand. Even if we suppose all the new gold to flow directly into the market where these securities are floated, and to stay there, this huge expansion of fixed capital still remains for the enlarged reserves to support. But, as M. Leroy-Beaulieu points out, and as the trade statistics show, the gold is not all retained.

In so far as the paper wealth derived from the sale of such overcapitalized enterprises adds to the purchasing power of the original owner or promoter, a new demand for luxuries and necessaries is no doubt created. But in this regard precisely the same is true of an owner or promoter—for instance, in the steel trade—who has sold at an excessive valuation to a Trust. This sort of demand, which is as plainly visible in America to-day as it was in England during the régime of the "Kaffir" magnates, does beyond question stimulate trade demand and emphasize the appearance of prosperity. Whether its contribution to prosperity is permanent, however, is quite another question. The fact that every such period of exaltation, even when accompanied by an unprecedented increase in the gold supply, results, as in 1857, in excessive bubble-blowing and eventually in severe reaction, provides one answer to the question.

A STORY OF ACHIEVEMENT.

Charles Eliot, landscape architect, was "a lover of nature and of his kind, who trained himself for a new profession, practised it happily, and through it wrought much good." Such is the characterization in the recent volume devoted to his life, edited by his father, President Eliot of Harvard University. The book is an interesting story of achievement.

Born in 1859, Charles Eliot as a boy enjoyed every advantage of home, school, and travel, but was handicapped by a frail body and occasional illness. When a college senior, he suffered so much from indigestion, palpitation of the heart, headache, and low spirits that his father suggested postponing graduation; nevertheless, by husbanding his strength he pulled through. So reserved was he that to most of his classmates he was known only by sight. He left college, still in the dark as to a profession; and in groping his way to light he was helped less by his formal education than by his play. In boyhood he had been kept as much as possible in the open air, had explored on foot and on horseback every rod of country about Cambridge, had cruised along the New England coast and camped at Mount Desert. Thus he early developed an indelible memory for details of woodland, meadow, and watercourse. As might have been expected, he had a keen enthusiasm for outdoor life and a delicate appreciation of the beauty of scenery. Moreover, through keeping the log-books of his cruises and writing journals and letters, he had acquired a style that was concise, exact, and vivid; in the management of camping and sailing parties he had shown considerable executive ability. Relying on such tastes and faculties, he decided, in the September following graduation, to enter a profession then hardly recognized in the United States—that of landscape architect.

Preparation was difficult, for no school could offer him instruction. He spent eight months in the Harvard Department of Agriculture and Horticulture, two years and a half as apprentice to Frederick Law Olmsted in Brookline, and a year in Europe. From this training he gained knowledge, but not confidence: from Nice he wrote, "In dealing with men I am nowhere. . . . I know myself to be ill-made, . . . an unbaked loaf in the human bread-batch." His father tried to encourage him by replying, "Such dealings as you have thus far had with boys and men you have conducted suitably. . . . Where other men work eight hours a day, you must be content with five. . . . Take comfort in the thought that you can have a life of moderate labor." Despite misgivings and the discouragement of facing an ignorant and indifferent public, Mr. Eliot began independent practice in Boston in 1886; succeeded so well that in 1893 he became a partner of the Olmsteds, the principal landscape firm in the country; and advanced steadily till his death in 1897.

Here the record would end had he been nothing but a highly capable land-

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scape architect. He was, however, penetrated by a conviction that recreation grounds are essential to the physical and moral health of cities. Having discovered his power, he plucked up heart, threw off ill health, and started to persuade first Boston, then Massachusetts, and the whole United States to procure sites for parks while land was cheap. He wrote for the press; he addressed meetings and testified at hearings; he organized latent opinion; and he inspired many minds and wills with the faith that moves Legislatures. His was the animating spirit of the Trustees of Public Reservations and of the Metropolitan Park Commission, whose labors between 1892 and 1902 opened in and near Boston 9,248 acres of land and water and 23.6 miles of parkway. Through this splendid enterprise he has taught America its most striking lesson in the importance of breathing-places. The work has been a model for similar undertakings elsewhere—notably, in this vicinity, the Essex County Park system of New Jersey; and his personal services were required by a number of cities, including New York. All this is the accomplishment of a man who was cut off at thirty-seven.

This signal success is no mystery. He had amassed knowledge; he was gifted with the artistic sense of fitness and proportion; he was a clear and vigorous writer, a persuasive speaker; but, above all, he was bred in the tradition of public service. His ancestors on both sides had been useful in their day. He had seen his father happy as President of Harvard and moulder of the educational system of the country, earning a fraction of the salary that equal skill and energy would have commanded in law, in railroading, in manufacturing, or in business. In a college theme Charles Eliot had defined success as "the attainment of a sufficient competency, combined with the largest amount of usefulness to one's fellow-men." At the close of his first year of practice he said in a letter, "I enjoy the work and it suits me—and this is more to me than money-making." His talents, he felt, were for the profit of the community as well as for himself. The open secret is that he was able to win confidence, rally adherents, and achieve large results, because he was expert, unbiassed, and unselfish.

His reward was exceeding great; he beheld his influence extending through an ever widening circle, his beneficent visions becoming realities. His imagination, that foresaw in scattered swamp and stream, fen and fell, a possible unity, order, and beauty, must also have foreseen that for generations to come every one whose eye rests upon a new Eden, every convalescent breathing strength in our parks; every man and woman provided with healthful recreation, every child lured from the misery and vice of the streets, will owe gratitude to him for wisely directing a great popular impulse.

A FRENCHMAN'S DIARY IN OUR CIVIL-WAR TIME.—I.*

September 13, 1864.—Wendell Phillips came to spend the day with us at Weymouth, Mass. He is, after Garrison, the most important representative of the abolitionists. I am told he is the foremost orator in the United States. His voice is pleasant and possesses much charm. His face, which is very noble, has fineness and distinction. Though his hair is already gray and his forehead bald, his general appearance is still youthful. Phillips is an agreeable talker, unpretending, with none of the affectations of a famous man.

At the present moment a serious dissension separates him from Garrison in respect to the reëlection of Mr. Lincoln. Phillips, in opposition to the Administration, is advocating Frémont, who has not the slightest chance of being elected President. This mistake shuts him out from a political career from which his abolition sentiments have hitherto debarred him, but upon which he might now have embarked, with the prestige of his immense talent, could he have been satisfied with the concessions made by Mr. Lincoln to the principles of the abolition school. When Garrison declared himself satisfied, and proclaimed his confidence in Lincoln, it is a pity that Wendell Phillips wasted himself in bitter and fruitless attacks on an Administration which, with all its momentary errors and shortcomings, has forwarded the emancipation idea beyond all precedent. The foresight, moderation, and elevation of view of the statesman have been wanting in the eloquent orator and apostle; and in the present crisis his marvellous qualities have turned against him and made his unreasonable opposition more illogical.

"I believe," said I to him, "that Mr. Lincoln will be reëlected. It is seldom that executive power is changed during a war."

"Yes," he answered, "but Lincoln's reelection will make our task dreadfully heavy. We have got nothing from him except by pressure. We have constantly to be pushing him from behind."

September 15.—Visited Charles Sumner in Boston.† A tiny house in Hancock Street, over the hill which is crowned by the State House. Sumner received me in a small room whose walls were covered with engravings, mostly by Nanteuil. A resident of the Sandwich Islands was engaged in explaining to him the condition of the archipelago. In comes Mr. Wilson, like Sumner, a Senator from Massachusetts; homely in manner, of practical good sense, ardent patriotism, and great integrity. He has been to Maine. Mr. Lincoln has the full sympathy of the masses. It would be useless to try to oppose him; he has found a place in the heart of the nation. Wilson asks Sumner if, at the Republican Convention about to assemble at Worcester, he approves of proposing Edward Everett for Presidential elector. In the election of 1860, Everett was a Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate. When the war broke out, his patriotism rose superior to the strife of parties; or, rather, he no longer knew more than two parties, the friends and the foes of the Union. He will vote for Mr. Lincoln and support his Government, as he has been doing for three years. Sumner declares that Everett must be put on the Republican ticket, and is glad to see his name among Lincoln's partisans.

I walked with Sumner to the State House, where we viewed the archives; to the Public Library, and to Faneuil Hall. We dined at the Union Club, and afterwards drove to Cambridge. Old college buildings of red brick. Washington's headquarters during the siege of Boston.

September 16.—To Worcester, to attend the Massachusetts Republican Convention, by a special train carrying 1,625 delegates. The meeting was in Mechanics' Hall, and Alexander H. Bullock of Boston was chosen presiding officer. Everett was appointed Presidential elector by acclamation; Andrew likewise was nominated for Governor. The resolutions were for the continuance of the war, the abolition of slavery, and the reëlection of Lincoln. A fine speech from Mr. Bullock of Worcester. The assembly was orderly though numerous—plain folks deliberating sagely and maturely; serious; helping on the triumph of a cause which has nothing to offer to most of them, and which they serve voluntarily and disinterestedly. The parties are well organized; without organization the electorate in a democratic country is but dust, and the politician is as necessary to parties as the officer to armies.

September 17.—Visited Josiah Quincy at Quincy. His father, lately deceased at 92, witnessed the War of Independence.

September 21.—Called on Ticknor, who has a fine house overlooking the Common. I found him, much aged, in his library. He has no doubt that the North will prevail over the South, and thinks Lincoln will be reëlected. His uneasiness is for the future. The Union will be reëstablished, but will the love of it be renewed in the conquered States? He gives me some interesting details concerning the credit of the country, the States, and the municipalities. In the evening, dining at Edward Everett's, I was presented to Longfellow, who speaks French with great ease. A fine head, long, white, flowing hair, gray beard somewhat bushy, very mild and sparkling eye, extremely sympathetic countenance. It was, as he remarked with a sigh to Charles Sumner, the first time in three years that he had put on white gloves. (He lost his wife three years ago in very harrowing circumstances.) Mr. Everett also introduced me to Charles G. Loring, a Boston lawyer, who has written on international law; to John G. Palfrey, author of a history of New England, an agreeable and vivacious man; to Mr. Hooper, a member of Congress and a skilled financier; to Mr. Haven, a bank president; to Mr. Harper, a clever young lawyer. Lyulph Stanley, a tour-

*M. Auguste Laugel, the dean of the *Nation's* foreign correspondents—his connection with this journal having extended to the present time from the first volume and almost from the first number—has kindly permitted us to publish these extracts from his American diary. M. and Mme. Laugel left Liverpool in the *Scotia* on August 27, 1864, arriving in New York on September 7. Mme. Laugel was revisiting her mother, Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman, one of the pillars of the anti-slavery movement and the future biographer of Harriet Martineau. Hence the diary opens at Weymouth, Mass. The English version is our own.—[ED. NATION.

†Sumner had met the Laugels in Paris in the spring of 1857. He records in his diary dining with them on May 14, in company with Tocqueville.

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ist like myself, was also of the party. Mr. Everett spoke to me of General Lafayette, whose salon he had frequented in 1818. He is familiar with French affairs.

I had to leave rather early, to attend a wedding at Mr. John Forbes's at Milton Hill. The bride and groom were to set off the next day for Burlington, Iowa. I saw a number of young and gracious faces.

September 24.—With Sumner I called on Garrison at the office of the Anti-Slavery Society. His spectacled face was known to me from photographs: a head quite bald, with a fringe of hair behind; features spare and without pronounced character. He received me like an old acquaintance, with much affection and good will. There is nothing timid in his manner. He expresses himself quietly, simply, like a man who knows exactly what he would say, with none of the affectations common to those who belong to a sect or coterie. "Our sole, our most cherished desire," he remarked to me, "is to disappear, to become of no use, to dissolve our Society. We think we cannot yet do this because the slaves are not all freed; but we are approaching the goal." What noble language! And I felt it to be absolutely sincere. "Nunc dimittis, Domine, servum tuum."

We talked of a recent speech of Seward's at Auburn, in which the orator intimated that all the so-called war measures would cease to have effect on the termination of the war. "Seward," said Garrison, "has always been fond of ambiguity; but this declaration has no importance—it is a truism. Plainly, the war ended, everything returns to the usual order; but what is done is done, and nothing can undo it. I have entire confidence in Mr. Lincoln's honesty; his honor is involved in his fidelity to his Emancipation Proclamation. No doubt he has always affirmed that beside his power there is another, that of the Supreme Court. Should this court some day succeed in depriving the Proclamation of all efficacy, Mr. Lincoln would not be to blame for it; but I have no such apprehension. Be assured that slavery has been stabbed to the heart, and nothing can restore it to life."

September 25.—Dined in the evening at the Boston Literary Club. Longfellow, Emerson, and Agassiz, who are members of it, were absent. The diners were Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, E. P. Whipple, Judge Hoar of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, Charles Eliot Norton, Dr. Hedge (a Unitarian clergyman), Dr. Estes Howe of Cambridge. Holmes, author of 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table,' 'The Professor at the Breakfast-table,' etc., possesses an abundance of wit of the finest quality. Lowell opened a discussion on points of grammar, with an eye to literary purism—an odd pretension on the part of the author of the 'Biglow Papers.'

September 26.—Left for Newport, where we enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Sam Ward. Calls from Mr. and Mrs. George Bancroft and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Bancroft has written the history of the foundation of the United States. His face is spare and grimacing. When he talks, you forget its little peculiarity. His conversation was upon State rights and was very patriotic. Mrs. Howe is the muse of Boston—a muse already mother of several charming young girls and still charming herself, although somewhat thin and pale; delicate, intellectual, refined; inclined, like all true poets, to lofty philosophic views; with some affectation, not without its charm; much distinction of manner and of carriage.

October 1.—Called on Edmund Quincy at Dedham; on Mr. Charles G. Loring at Beverly, whose fine trees skirt the seashore, and include magnificent pines and maples. Mr. Loring is seventy years old. A son of his is a colonel in the army.

October 12.—Niagara. . . . Chicago. Called on Gen. Hooker, for whom I had a letter from the Comte de Paris. The talk was upon the war, the Confederates' advantages from the military point of view, the condition of parties. On leaving the regular army, Hooker was for ten years a farmer in California. Walker tempted him with the offer of command of an expedition to Nicaragua, a fine opportunity for carving out an empire. He was frightened by the word "filibuster" and declined. A good deal of the farmer is still visible in the General: he has neither beard nor moustache; a keen eye; a frank sort of character.

October 18.—La Crosse, Wisconsin. The difficulty of navigating the Mississippi at the present moment prevents my going to St. Paul. Here for the first time I have a sight of Indians, four men in red blankets, a woman, and a child, about a great wood fire on the bank of the river. The woman was wholly concealed in a wretched gray cloak; the men were bareheaded, and their thick, stringy black hair, blown about by the wind, almost covered their sombre countenances. At a distance four steamboats showed the white lines of their upper works. La Crosse, despite its shops along the bluff, its warehouses, its elevator, has a poverty-stricken and forlorn aspect. We begin to feel ourselves beyond the pale of civilization. In the evening, in the lower hall of the tavern, about the red-hot stove, I observe silent groups of wild-looking men, and now first the faces of those adventurers common in the Mississippi and Missouri valleys, with unkempt beards, dirty garments, shawls in which the men wrap themselves, poncho-fashion; broad-brimmed hats jammed over their eyes.

Quincy, Illinois.—The town gas suddenly goes out; everybody aroused. Missouri invaded by General Price, causing great uneasiness in southern Illinois, Missouri, and Kansas.

I descend the Mississippi on the *Sucker State*. A Methodist farmer in discussion with a Universalist lady, who thinks herself too perfect to be damned, insists on damnation. Some talk about Kansas with a young man from that State who is reading Tocqueville in an English translation borrowed from the Leavenworth public library. As we approached Alton, I made a sketch of the bluff surmounted by a large building, the State prison. An innocent-faced young man watched my drawing. With some diffidence and very politely, he said: "You do that so quickly, sir, that I want to ask the favor of a copy." "Very gladly," I answered, and proceeded to duplicate the sketch for his benefit. "Now," said I, "may I ask what interest you had in it?" He blushed to his ears as he replied: "I was once in jail up there." I forebore to ask for what cause. At the present time, Confederate prisoners are kept at Alton.

St. Louis, Lindall House.—Call from Mr. William G. Eliot, Unitarian minister, a native of Massachusetts, but for many years settled in St. Louis. He relates the history of Missouri from the beginning of the war.

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN, K.C.B.

LONDON, July 1, 1902.

Among all the coronation honors, none has been greeted with such universal and unfeigned satisfaction as the knighthood conferred upon Leslie Stephen. The grounds of this general approval are well worth notice, for they throw great light on the characteristics of an author of acknowledged distinction.

Sir Leslie Stephen's most obvious claim to honor is that he is a most eminent "man of letters," and that men of letters, in the sense in which that term used to be used, are rare in modern England. Of literary men—that is to say, of able writers who can express their thoughts with clearness and often with point in reviews, in magazines, or in newspapers—we have enough and to spare. There never was an age in which so many more or less educated persons could express themselves in print with ease, fluency, and correctness. These ready writers are not to be despised; to their labors we owe the existence of high-class newspapers and of interesting magazines; but though here and there a true man of letters makes it his profession to write in the newspapers, such a man is apt to show, even in his best work, how hard it is for him to maintain a high standard, either of thought or of expression, while he is occupied as a matter of business in supplying lively articles to ephemeral periodicals. As a matter of fact, the most solid contributions even to our magazines proceed from men who may have done literary work of a high character, but to whom letters are an incidental occupation of a life devoted to public or to professional aims.

The contrast between writers such as (to take eminent examples) Mr. Bryce or Mr. Morley, and the pure men of letters, of whom Sir Leslie Stephen is the representative, is marked and noticeable. No one, either in England or in America, will doubt that both the authors I have named have produced work of high worth and of great importance, but it is extremely difficult to think of either Mr. Bryce or Mr. Morley as primarily devoted to literature. We all know that either of them might have achieved, and have, indeed, actually gained, a high place in the world of letters, and some critics may regret that both these distinguished writers have not devoted themselves wholly to literature, but, in fact, they have not taken this course. They have become immersed in the public life of England. Their literary work has probably both gained and lost thereby; but what is certain is, that whenever the day comes, which one hopes is far distant, for summing up their career in some new edition of the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' as much will be said about their political conduct and principles as about their contribution to the world of books. The reason why this is worth noticing is that the men whose names I have recalled are, in this matter, but types of a very large class. The literature of modern England is to a great extent created by men to whom writing is an incidental occupation. With such

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writers Leslie Stephen stands in marked contrast. The difference is illustrated by a comparison with his eminent brother. Whether, indeed, the literary output of Sir J. F. Stephen's or of Sir Leslie Stephen's labors is the larger in amount, it would be difficult to ascertain and rash to pronounce. What is certain is, that Sir J. F. Stephen's great powers were devoted in the main to the study and elucidation of the law, and to the attainment of hardly won but well-deserved professional success, while Sir Leslie Stephen has devoted his equally marked and rarer powers to literature. The one was an admirable specimen of a philosophic lawyer and vigorous controversialist; the other is the very type of a man of letters.

There is, however, a little danger that this expression, which has an Old-World flavor, may mislead my readers. Our author is devoted to literature, but this assuredly does not mean that the object of his writing is, or ever has been, the production of literary works which shall be monuments of their composer's skill in the use of language. It is one thing to be devoted to letters, it is quite another thing and a far less noble thing to be the worshipper of style. Consider for a moment all that a true devotion to literature really means, and what the qualities are which you have a right to demand from your man of letters. Of these the most salient though not the most important is a keen interest in all that concerns literature and writers. The exquisite 'Hours in a Library'; the biographies of Johnson, of Swift, and of George Eliot, as well as the scores of lives which our author has contributed to the 'Dictionary of National Biography'; that Dictionary itself, of which he planned the design and laid the foundation—all show the possession of that enthusiasm for letters which you find in men so different as Johnson, as Gibbon, as Macaulay, and is the note of the man to whom literature is the appropriate sphere of his intellectual activity.

Then, again, in the perfect man of letters, one looks for that complete independence or detachment of mind which makes him shun the bias due to the competition for professional success or the vehement participation in the conflicts of public life. From this kind of bias, which constantly takes from the apparently abstract theories of English thinkers a good deal of the perfect sincerity with which such speculations ought to be marked, our author is absolutely free. Every word he has written has the ring of absolute truthfulness. This, however, is in great part due, not to the mere absence of bias, but to that zeal for the propagation of truth without which the labors of the mere man of letters will appear to most of us to be of very little value. In this matter Sir Leslie Stephen stands preëminent among the men of his day. During the thirty years and more which have passed since he began publication, the 'Essays on Free Thinking and Plain Speaking,' the 'History of English Thought in the XVIIIth Century,' the 'Science of Ethics,' 'An Agnostic's Apology,' 'Social Rights and Duties,' and the 'English Utilitarians' each afford evidence of Leslie Stephen's devoted ardor in the promotion of truthfulness both in speech and in thought.

But our author is much more than a typical man of letters; he is distinguished among men of letters by combining two characters which in England have always gained the interest and the respect of the great public: he is at once a charming biographer and an impressive moralist. Of his charm as a biographer there is no need to say much—it is known to every man throughout England and the United States who has read the 'Hours in a Library,' or who reads month by month the exquisite sketches which will sooner or later allow us to enjoy another hour in the best-chosen of libraries. Of his weight as a moralist there is more reason to speak, because, though every one who has the least real interest in ethical speculation must be acquainted with Stephen's 'English Thought in the Eighteenth Century' and his 'Science of Ethics,' there are, it must be admitted, many so-called intelligent readers who may have been deterred from studying these two treatises by the idea (which is true) that they deal, and deal conscientiously, with moral questions of difficulty; and also by the notion (which is unfounded) that Stephen's moral theories are abstract, over-refined, or incomprehensible. The plain truth is, that the biographer and the moralist play into one another's hands. No one finds it difficult to follow our author's biographical studies, yet they are filled with acute criticisms and philosophic speculation. His more abstract works, on the other hand, are to a great extent biographies. 'English Thought in the Eighteenth Century' is a most admirable monograph on a most difficult subject, but it does not deal with abstractions. With extraordinary skill it mingles the history of thinkers with an analysis or criticism of their thoughts. The same remark holds good of the 'English Utilitarians.' Nowhere can you obtain better lives of Bentham, of James Mill, and of John Mill, but nowhere can you also obtain a more searching and subtle criticism or a more valuable appreciation of Benthamite Utilitarianism. The 'Science of Ethics' is, indeed, in form more abstract, but in its substance it in reality exhibits the remarkable and happy connection between biography and ethics which is the peculiar and most valuable characteristic of Stephen's moral teaching.

His intense and thoroughgoing desire to arrive at true conclusions on the fundamental principles of morality gives a speculative interest to the pictures and analysis of character which belong to biography of the best kind. His immense knowledge of the actual lives of men guards him against that abstract, and therefore unreal, way of looking at things which is the special weakness of systematic thinkers; it supplies, indeed, a good deal of that sort of knowledge which some writers have gained from large acquaintance with affairs or from mixing with the world, and is often lacking in teachers who have studied books more than men. John Mill, for one, would assuredly have gained a good deal from that wide knowledge of the lives and feelings of men who had lived and played their part in the world, which gives a tone of reality to even the most abstract of Stephen's speculative works. It is this quality, at any rate, combined with his subtle and playful humor, that makes Sir Leslie Stephen a moralist in the sense in which our grandfathers applied the word to Dr. Johnson. The Lexicographer and the creator of the 'Dictionary of National Biography' had this at least in common: they were conscious of the humor of life even when they took a somewhat depressed view of human nature; they each knew and felt that morality was not an abstract science, but a body of rules which ought to conform to the nature of man; they each corrected moral speculation by interest in biography. If it were not for Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' it may be doubted whether the sage would be known to modern readers by any of his prose works except the 'Lives of the Poets.' Of Sir Leslie Stephen's moral speculations, one may be allowed to think more highly, as far as their abstract value goes, than of Dr. Johnson's moral dogmas; but it is at least conceivable that Stephen's ethical doctrines, which have already produced a very considerable effect, may be best remembered a century hence because of their close connection with biographies which can hardly lose their charm.

However this may be, his latest work, 'George Eliot,' which itself deserves a special notice, illustrates to the full the fact on which it is my object to insist, that biography, criticism, and moral doctrine are so blended together in all our author's pages that he is, to many English readers, as was Johnson to the men of the eighteenth century, the best of biographers as well as the weightiest of moralists. To such readers and pupils, who are numbered by thousands, it gives profound satisfaction that the honors bestowed by the King make it clear that England appreciates living merit, and that, as regards Sir Leslie Stephen, we need not wait to

> "See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
> To buried merit raise the tardy bust."

AN OBSERVER.

THE NATIONAL POET OF GREECE.

ZAKYNTHOS, June 18, 1902.

On Saturday, the 15th of June, was ended in the pretty island of Zakynthos a proud and glorious triduum of feasts commemorating Dionysios Solomós, the national poet of Greece. Solomós was twenty-three years of age when, in 1821, the war for freedom began in Greece. The Zakynthians were at that time British subjects, for since 1809 Zakynthos had been under English protection and rule. They nevertheless fraternally sympathized with the Greek patriots, and many of them crossed over to the mainland and personally participated in the long struggle against the Turks. In word and sympathy Solomós was of all Zakynthians the most fervid champion of the Hellenic cause. It seems inexplicably strange that, during the seven exciting years of the war, he never once determined to take his gun and join in the hot combat.

Zakynthos was a Venetian possession for more than three hundred years, up to 1797. Under the influence of this protracted foreign control, the nobles, who constituted the highest class of Zakynthians, became out-and-out Italian in many of their habits and in language. All Ionian culture was Italian. Young Solomós at the age of ten years was sent off to Italy to be educated. Ten years later he came back to Zakynthos with a good knowledge of Italian language and literature and a lawyer's diploma from the University of Pavia. While yet a student in Italy he had begun to compose in

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Italian verse, and these first short poems of his were so sweet and artistic that one of his friends and teachers, the learned priest Santo Rossi, who, like many other Italians of that time, regarded Monti as the favorite poet of Italy, used, in his enthusiastic admiration for the young poet from Zakynthos, frequently to exclaim: "Greco, tu farai dimenticare il nostro Monti." If, following the example of his townman Ugo Foscolo, our poet had permanently established himself in Italy, the enthusiastic hopes of Rossi and his other friends might possibly have come true.

After his return home he continued to compose successfully in Italian. These poems, just like many of those which he wrote in his later years, were not primarily intended for publication, and a good number of them have been lost. But, in spite of the beauty of his Italian compositions, his fame rests entirely on what he wrote in Greek. In the year 1822 Spiridion Trikoupes, the noted historian and patriot, on the occasion of a visit to Zakynthos, heard Solomós read one of his Italian poems, "La Prima Messa." Trikoupes warmly exhorted him to cultivate his native language and to write in Greek, and thereby to assist in encouraging and inspiring the men who were engaged in the desperate fight for freedom. The poet accepted the patriot's advice, and began to study the Greek language. But he never thoroughly mastered it, and one of the peculiarities of his Greek poems, if not also one of their attractions, is a certain precipitous inaccuracy of expression. He had no correct knowledge of ancient Greek, for he had studied the classical writers not in their original tongue but in Italian translations. He fell in love with the popular ballads and klephtic songs of the people, and became persuaded that the language in which these unpretentious compositions were clothed was the best linguistic medium for the Greeks of his day.

In Greek, his first poem of note was his pæan to Liberty. Whatever virtues his other poems may possess, it is this hymn which created his fame and sustains it. It was written in May, 1823. Before it was printed and published, Trikoupes read it in manuscript, and, elated by its sublime patriotism, carried it to Byron, who then lay dying in Missolonghi, intending to read it to the great Philhellene; but he did not arrive in time. The "Hymn to Liberty," as soon as published, became widely known. Attempts have been made to translate it into most of the languages of Europe, but always with ill success. Many of the strophes are absolutely untranslatable on account of their strange language and strange thought. At least two versions, inaccurate and insipid, have appeared in English; the earlier of these was the work of Charles Brinsley Sheridan. It appeared among his 'Songs of Greece,' which he published in London in 1825. The first two stanzas are rendered thus:

Yes! I know thee by the lightning
Of thy tyrant-slaying glaive,
By thine awful glances bright'ning
As thou gazest on the brave.

Kindle from our country's ashes,
Liberty! thy sacred fire—
Many a Spartan sabre clashes,
Breathe on one Tyrtæan lyre!

The second version was made and published in 1858 by a Zakynthian, Georgios Kanáles, who lived long in America, and was known to many of our literary men of the first half of the nineteenth century. It begins as follows:

By thy falchion's edge tremendous,
By thy glance that measures earth,
By thy thoughts and works stupendous,
Freedom! well I know thy worth!

Welcome to thy new existence,
Ancient spirit of the free,
While thy modern sons' resistance
Breaks the yoke of tyranny.

In 1828 Solomós left Zakynthos and went to live in Kerkyra, the capital city of the Ionian State. Here he died in 1857. Among his friends and admirers at Kerkyra the warmest and truest was Mánzaros the musician and composer. Four years after the poet's death Mánzaros received from Bozzaris, a member of King Otho's Cabinet, a request to compose a march which should awake new earnestness in Greece, and especially in the army. Mánzaros complied by setting Solomós's Hymn to music. Three years after this, when a Danish prince whom the Powers had chosen to be the successor of Otho, as King of Greece, landed at Kerkyra (which, with the rest of the Ionian State of the Seven Isles, had just been added to his dominions), he heard the march and was so much pleased with it as to declare that the music of the first two strophes ought to be adopted as the "national air" of Greece. His wish became law, and this "Hymn to Liberty," with the first two strophes of Mánzaros's music, is now the official National Song of Greece. Mánzaros's music to the following strophes has been lost.

Besides other poems of a patriotic nature, such as the "Death of Byron," fragments of a hymn to Marco Bozzaris, "Missolonghi, or the Freemen Besieged," the "Destruction of Psara," he wrote a number of short poems, most of them beautiful and touching—some of them, like his "Lampros," too weird for art; many of them merely disjointed members of some unfinished masterpiece. During his lifetime his poems were never collected. After his death his admirers were disappointed at not finding among his papers the manuscripts of different poems which they had reason to believe he had written but had never published. Suspicion was aroused that these manuscripts had been stolen. It is quite probable, however, that the poems in question were never finished, but merely planned. There was a slight hope that, on the occasion of these Zakynthian feasts, some hidden manuscripts would be brought to light. But as yet no such revelation has taken place.

In 1865 his relations and townsmen of Zakynthos disinterred his remains, which had been buried in Kerkyra, brought them back to his native island, and reinterred them in front of the Venetian Cathedral of Saint Mark. The spot is marked by a pedestal surmounted by a bust of the poet. But, to demonstrate their love for him, the Zakynthians determined to erect a new monument to his memory, and to unveil it on the hundredth anniversary of his birth. The anniversary, however, fell in the year 1898, while Greece was still pale and exhausted from the shame which the war of 1897 had brought upon her. Under such circumstances, even the light-hearted Zakynthians could not inaugurate days of rejoicing, and the celebration of the anniversary was postponed to the present year.

The statue was unveiled on the evening of June 13, the first of the festive days. It is made of fine Pentelic marble, by Broutos, an Athenian sculptor. The poet is represented as standing. In his left hand he holds the manuscript of his poems. His right is uplifted, indicating that he is about to speak. This attitude recalls the fact that he used to take delight in reciting his poems to his friends. On his head he wears a crown of laurel leaves. The statue has been placed close to the harbor, and faces towards the sea, looking over to the mountains of the Peloponnesus and towards heroic Missolonghi. The second day was one of pleasure and amusement. At noon the guests of the city were entertained at a dinner given in the open air near the house where Solomós wrote the "Hymn to Liberty." In the afternoon thousands of people, natives and visitors, gathered to this same place and enjoyed themselves in one of those peculiar picnics known here as a "panegyris." In the evening a gala representation was given in the theatre by an Italian troupe which was called from Smyrna for the occasion.

The third and last day was the most soul-stirring of all. In the forenoon the invited guests assembled in the theatre, and Lampros, the most noted of all Athenian orators of to-day, spoke the praises of the poet, comparing him with Simonides of old. Professor Mistriótes, an enthusiastic Hellenist, read a critical and interpretative analysis of the hymn. Tabouláres, one of the best tragic actors on the Greek stage, recited portions of the Hymn and of other works of the poet. And Márgares relieved the monotony of unbroken solemnity by reading the poet's comic and satyric composition called "The Physicians' Consultation." In the afternoon the scene of celebration was transferred to the piazza in front of the Church of Saint Mark, where stands the monument over the poet's remains. Representatives of the University at Athens, of different patriotic and learned societies, of various communities, and of several noted personages gathered round the monument, and, with appropriate addresses, placed magnificent wreaths on the tomb. The most affecting moment was when Nikoláras, a Greek from the island of Psara, came forward with a wreath from his native island. Psara produced tremendous naval heroes in the war for independence, but her villages were burned to ashes, and most of her surviving inhabitants sought homes elsewhere after the war was over, for Psara was not included within the territory which the Powers decided to admit to freedom. The wreath from Psara was made from wild thyme and other mountain plants, so as to recall the unapproachably sublime lines of Solomós which he wrote when Psara was destroyed. He represents Fame as "wandering over the lone hills of the island and thinking about the deeds of the glorious pallikárs. She wears on her head a wreath made from a few herbs, the only vestige of life in that desolated land."

Throughout all Greece a lively interest was manifested in the celebration in Zakynthos. The journals everywhere devoted most of their space to topics relating to the poet and to the island. The *Panathenæa* devoted an entire number exclusively to the life of the poet and to his poetry. Telegrams and letters of congratulatory participation came to the managing com-

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mittee from all quarters of the Hellenic world. The inhabitants of Kerkyra, where the poet spent the latter half of his life, placed a commemorative inscription on the wall of the house which he used to occupy. Only one man was notably absent who should have been present, the King.

Literary men in Greece are divided into two antagonistic schools as regards the phase of language which ought to be employed by writers. Some prefer the archaistic "katharevousa," which bears a remarkable outward resemblance to the language of ancient Greek prose of the later period, while others, known as the demoticists, prefer the types of language which are common among the uneducated classes. But both schools unite in admiration of the poems of Solomós. The demoticists have full reason for doing so, because Solomós always composed his Greek poems in a language similar to the demotic, and often uttered bitter words against those who preferred the older forms. On the other hand, the purists make a very proper distinction between literature and language, and love Solomós for his thoughts and patriotism and poetry, in spite of his language. On the occasion of this anniversary, individuals from each school have seized the opportunity of fulminating anathemas against the other. DANIEL QUINN.

Correspondence.

AMERICAN SCHOLARSHIPS AT OXFORD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Allow me to offer a few observations on the article, "American Scholarships at Oxford," which appeared in the *Nation* of June 12.

(1.) The carrying out the provisions of Mr. Rhodes's will depends almost wholly on the wisdom and the discretion of the trustees. There is, it is submitted, little doubt that (probably under the sanction of the Chancery Division of the High Court) they can frame any scheme which broadly gives effect to the spirit of his will.

(2.) To any one who knows Oxford, and especially to any one who has watched with interest the careers—often the very successful careers—of American students at the University, it is certain that Mr. Schiller's view is substantially correct, and that the students from America who will derive most advantage from the Rhodes scholarships are men who have taken degrees at American universities, and are prepared to pursue courses of "post-graduate," or, as Mr. Schiller prefers to call it, "graduate" study.

(3.) It is much to be desired that every holder of a Rhodes scholarship should, if possible, receive it on the terms of pursuing a definite branch of study, *e. g.*, law, theology, or the like. The reasons for this are twofold. The first is, that the scholars will be thereby saved from waste of time and of effort. The second is, that if the professors and teachers in a particular faculty know for certain that as many as even ten students will arrive yearly seeking for advanced instruction in the subjects of that faculty, *e. g.*, law, they will be able to arrange and provide additional courses of instruction meeting the special wants of such students.

(4.) I most cordially join in the hopes formed by Mr. Schiller that the arrival of students from America, the colonies, and from Germany may give a new and additional stimulus to learning and teaching in Oxford. Of one thing I am quite certain, that American students of capacity and character may count upon the warmest welcome in the University and (what under our system is even of more consequence) in the Colleges of Oxford. A. V. DICEY.

OXFORD, July 1, 1902.

LOUISIANA SAVED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am a citizen of Louisiana, and am also a Democrat; therefore, your criticism of the Louisiana Legislature and Schley interested me greatly. I wish to commend every word you said, but should like to add that, had you waited a week, you would have had no need to make the criticism, for our Governor, Mr. Heard, has had the good sense to veto the bill. Furthermore, to show you how easily our legislatures are influenced, both the Senate and the House sustained Heard's veto without a dissenting voice!

Sincerely, WILLIAM KERNAN DART.

BAY ST. LOUIS, MISS., July 12, 1902.

A LONGFELLOW COINCIDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the Table-Talk of America's best-beloved poet is printed the following sentence:

"When we reflect that all the aspects of nature, all the emotions of the soul, and all the events of life, have been the subjects of poetry for hundreds and thousands of years, we can hardly wonder that there should be so many resemblances and coincidences of expression among poets, but rather that they are not more numerous and more striking."

These words of Longfellow were recalled to my mind recently, as I chanced upon two lines in an old English homily which form an almost exact parallel to a portion of the "Psalm of Life." The lines occur in the sermon "In Caput Jejunii" ("for Ash-Wednesday"), which stands twelfth in the series of Aelfric's "Lives of Saints," edited for the Early English Text Society by Rev. W. W. Skeat; they are numbered 26 and 27 (vol. i., p. 262), and run as follows:

"Forthan the thu eart dust, and to duste gewendst.
Nis this na gesæd be manna sawlum."

A literal translation of these words into Modern English gives: "For that thou art dust and to dust turnest; this is not said of men's souls"; which inevitably suggests the familiar

"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

In this age, when the pursuit of literary sources has achieved the dignity of a science—I often wonder that the poets do not rise and beg to be slain outright with that good old bludgeon, the now-disused cry of "Plagiarism"—the first impulse is to say "Post hoc, ergo propter hoc"; but, remembering the dictum quoted at the head of this letter, it is much safer to say "coincidence." It is, in fact, almost demonstrable that the poet's lips had had no draught from the old monk's well. It is true that, in the spring of 1838, Longfellow was studying Anglo-Saxon literature, and that an essay from his pen upon that subject was written in April and published in the *North American Review* for July of that year; and that the "Psalm," which appeared in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* for October, 1838, was written on the morning of July 26 of the same year. But this homily was at that time resting safe in the obscurity of the British Museum and of the libraries at Cambridge University; it was never printed until 1885; and we have not the least reason for thinking that Longfellow's somewhat superficial study of Old English ever led him to much browsing among Anglo-Saxon manuscripts.

It may not be out of place, in closing, to recall the first draft of this stanza of the "Psalm," as given in the Rev. Samuel Longfellow's Life of his brother; from this it will be seen that it was only by a second impulse that the poet's words came into line with those of Aelfric:

"Life is glorious. Life is earnest,
Cannot pass in smoke away.
Dust alone to dust returneth,
But thy soul cannot decay."

FRANK H. CHASE.

HAVERHILL, MASS.

ANTON TCHEKHOFF.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Fortnightly Review* for July contains an article on Anton Tchekhoff, "a writer still living and still young, whose achievements are to-day creating a greater clamor of mingled rapture and repulsion than even [Gorky's] *Tchelkash* and *Konovaloff*."

It is gratifying to note that English criticism has at last discovered Tchekhoff, Russia's greatest short-story writer, whose literary career began in 1879, and whose works have long been translated into German and French. Mr. Long's criticism of Tchekhoff's works, however, can hardly be considered a fair estimate of the great Russian's many-sided literary physiognomy, for, strange to say, the greatest of Tchekhoff's masterpieces, such as 'The Peasants,' 'The Incased Man,' 'In the Ravine,' are not even mentioned in the article. Nor does Mr. Long do justice to Tchekhoff's plays, which have for several years occupied the most conspicuous place on the Russian stage.

Mr. Long is wrong when he says that "Ivanoff" and "Tchaika" are the only two plays of Tchekhoff's put upon the stage. "The Bear" and "The Proposal" have been produced repeatedly for the past ten or twelve years with the greatest success, while Tchekhoff's latest, and perhaps best, drama, "The Three Sisters," published last year in the *Russkaya Misl*, has attracted more attention than any other play produced of late in the leading theatres of Russia. HERMAN BERNSTEIN.

NEW YORK, July 13, 1902.

Notes.

Among the fall publications of D. Appleton & Co., few will be welcomed more warmly or widely than a volume of additional letters from Charles Darwin. This firm further announces 'The Work of Wall Street,' by Sereno S. Pratt; and 'The Autobiography of a Convict.'

Professor McMaster's Life of Daniel Webster will shortly be issued by the Century

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Company, who will, in the autumn, add to their "Thumb-Nail Series" Pascal's 'Thoughts,' Sheridan's 'The Rivals,' with an introduction by Joseph Jefferson; and Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' with an introduction by E. C. Stedman.

Little, Brown & Co. have undertaken the first collective edition of Samuel Lover's works in six volumes, with an introduction by James Jeffrey Roche; and a series of volumes from the elder Dumas's travel sketches, beginning with 'The Speronare,' descriptive of a Mediterranean trip, embracing Sicily. The translator is Miss Wormeley.

It is a noteworthy coincidence that the completion of Gregory's 'Text Kritik des Neuen Testaments' is to be followed immediately by an entirely new and independent attempt on a grand scale to restore the oldest forms of the New Testament books. This is the work of Professor von Soden of the University of Berlin. 'Die Schriften des Neuen Testaments' will make two volumes, one of "Untersuchungen," containing all the preliminary researches on manuscripts, history of text, etc.; and the second, "Text mit vollständigem Apparat," containing the actual results. Von Soden's investigations are anything but the continuation of the Tischendorf, Weiss, Tregelles and Westcott-Hort methods, which were substantially the same in principle. He returns rather to old methods, but with new material; and on the basis of the 2,328 codices—454 more than Gregory examined—which he himself in repeated journeys to the Orient has studied, he has, among other things, come to the conclusion that the *Vaticanus* and the *Sinaiticus*, together with allied manuscripts, which hitherto have generally been accorded a decisive voice in settling a variant, represent only one type of text recension. Von Soden has traced the connection of all these manuscripts with the two text types current in the Middle Ages, in addition to which he has discovered also other individual text forms. The whole promises to be the most independent work done in this line for decades. Alexander Duncker (H. von Carnop) is the New York publisher.

R. Swain Gifford, N.A., contributes a brief introduction to 'Color Problems,' by Emily Noyes Vanderpoel (Longmans), in which he confesses that "the study of color from the scientific side has very little attraction for the layman, and it is even difficult for a painter to get out of such study much that will help him in his work." He might have gone further, and indicated the fact that the painter of pictures, dealing as he does with much-broken and constantly varied tints, indescribable and unclassifiable, finds it necessary to rely absolutely on instinct and such empirical knowledge as practice gives him, and that the theory of color is not, at present, able to give him any real help whatever. The decorator, who deals more in flat and uniform tones, may, however, learn some things from the scientist. Even to him the reason of things, most interesting to science, is of no value; but the facts may be usefully formulated. To such workmen the many well-executed plates of this volume may afford more assistance than would the relatively brief and bald text. The numerous pieces of quantitative analysis of color schemes from historic examples of ornament are especially interesting.

Mr. Cecil Headlam's 'Peter Vischer,' in the Bell-Macmillan "Great Craftsmen" series, should properly have been entitled 'The Vischers,' for it deals with three generations of that family—Hermann Vischer, the father of Peter; Peter Vischer; and Peter Vischer's five sons, most of whom died before their father. The work of the sons is almost inextricably confused with Peter's, but, so far as it can be disentangled, it would seem that Peter the younger was the greatest artist of the family. If he did the Nuremberg "Praying Madonna," which Mr. Headlam is inclined, though cautiously, to attribute to him, he was so great an artist as to deserve a place in the "Great Masters" series rather than in its companion; indeed, some of his undoubted works, such as the plaquette of "Orpheus and Eurydice" in the Berlin Museum, would almost entitle him to that honor. It is, however, such great pieces of craftsmanship as the shrine of St. Sebald that will more surely immortalize this family of bronze-workers than any single work of sculpture, even the much-admired "King Arthur." Their career covered the transition from Gothic to Renaissance art, and the only point in which we are inclined to differ from Mr. Headlam is his assumption that the later development of their style was in all respects an improvement. It seems to us that the Italianate forms of the Rathaus Railing, in so far as that work can be judged from the drawings of it which survive, are, though beautiful, less idiomatic of the material and less marked by the racial characteristics of the workmen than are those of their earlier manner; and we own to a certain sympathy with the Fugger heirs in their disappointment and in their repudiation of the work. The change was inevitable; and the Vischers showed their artistic quality in their eagerness to make it; but it marked the beginning of the end of German art.

There is nothing new to say of the useful little "Riverside Art Series" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), save to note the addition of Van Dyck to the artists treated of.

The Bohemia Guild of the Industrial Art League (Chicago) publishes a book, by Oscar Lovell Triggs, Ph.D., most misleadingly entitled 'Chapters in the Arts and Crafts Movement.' There is really nothing in it about arts and crafts, but a great deal about Socialism. Those who are interested in the modern revival of craftsmanship as an artistic phenomenon will find nothing in this handsomely printed volume to their purpose; but those who may be interested to know how men like William Morris and Walter Crane came to believe that a social revolution is necessary before art shall again become a living force, may find there what they want.

The third edition of Prof. William P. Mason's 'Water Supply' (John Wiley & Sons) is brought down to date by a recompilation, including some recent data. The chapters on chemical and bacteriological examination of water have been omitted. As the subject is "considered principally from a sanitary standpoint," this omission seems an important one. A curious error reappears on page 253. The paragraph attributed to Mr. Tweeddale is from Mr. C. C. Vermeule's report on water supply, published by the Geological Survey of New Jersey.

Prof. A. A. Atkinson's 'Electrical and Magnetical Calculations' (D. Van Nostrand Co.) is clear, concise, and thoroughly well thought out. Any young man who is interested in the application of electricity and is fortunate enough to procure this little volume at an early period of his studies, will find he gets more service out of it per page than from almost any other on his shelves.

The John Brown papers deposited by Gov. Wise in the State Library of Virginia in 1860 were long lost sight of, and only accidentally came to light in a search made for another purpose by the present State Librarian in December, 1901. Mr. Scott began publication of them, or rather of his introduction, in the April number of the *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, and now in the July issue finishes his preliminary matter (including dismissal of the myth of Frederick the Great's presenting a sword to Washington), and opens with Col. Lee's report of his attack on the engine-house at Harper's Ferry. There is no letter from John Brown in the collection; many written to him, to Gov. Wise, to the Sheriff of Jefferson County, Va., to the clerk of court at Charlestown, to Andrew Hunter, etc., etc. It is doubtless too soon to judge, but we apprehend that Mr. Scott's "conservative estimate" of a market value for the papers of $5,000 to $10,000 "in a community where John Brown is held in higher esteem than he is in Virginia," will not be justified in the sequel.

Labrador, judging from the report of the Brown-Harvard expedition in 1900 by its leader, Prof. E. B. Delabarre, published in the *Bulletin of the Geographical Society* of Philadelphia, is an inviting field for the explorer, the student of nature, and the lover of wild scenery. In the extreme northeast the highest mountains on the Atlantic Coast rise sheer from land-locked bays, which rival, if they do not surpass, the beauty of the Norwegian fiords. The greater part of the peninsula is practically unknown, while the geologist, Dr. R. A. Daly, asserts that, from the lack of forest and soil-cap, the interpretation of the structure and history of the earth's crust is there possible with a remarkable degree of rapidity and amount of assured detail. The expedition, six in number, sailed northward some seven hundred miles, stopping at twenty-eight places for geological research and the collection of specimens of the flora of the region. Two of the members accomplished the almost unprecedented feat for white men of making the last hundred miles by land. A favorable account is given of the Eskimos, notwithstanding the fact of their increasing demoralization, due to their practical slavery to the traders, "who charge outrageous prices for supplies, and give small returns for fish and furs." Efforts are being made to counteract this evil by the establishment of coöperative stores by the branch of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, which maintains two hospitals on shore and a hospital steamer. Lists of plants and birds collected and observed are appended to the report, whose attractiveness is increased by some fine photographs.

The salient feature of the Consular Reports for June is the illustrated description of the new electric railway at Berlin by our Consul-General, F. H. Mason. In one important respect it is far superior to

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our street railways, "in the artistic beauty, the architectural charm and sense of fitness, which the German constructors have imparted to the stations, the bridges, and even the ordinary overhead viaduct sections." When it passes through a public square, "it is on solid and artistically designed masonry," and the stations are not as with us mere sheds; no two are alike, and each is "specially designed to fit not only the requirements of traffic at that point, but the adjacent buildings as well—the architectural framework in which it is set." Though this implies increased cost of construction, yet the way fares are but two and one-half cents, the through fares three and three-quarter cents. In reviewing the outlook for our export trade with Germany, Mr. Mason writes that the Americanization of certain industries has nearly destroyed the demand for American machinery and manufactured products. The cheap shoe is almost the only important article in which the German manufacturer cannot compete with us. The hope for the future lies in novelties and food products, especially cheese, for which there is a "fine field, hitherto almost uncultivated." Our interest in forestry should be quickened by the fact that, according to the latest statistics, the state forests of Saxony, besides their indirect benefit to the country, yield a direct annual profit to the Government of $2,240,000.

The Proceedings of the Anglo-Russian Literary Society (Imperial Institute Road, London, S. W.) for the first quarter of 1902 show that this worthy organization, intended to promote the study of the Russian language and literature, and also friendly relations between Great Britain and Russia, is still in active operation and doing most excellent work. A long paper on the Russian poet Miakoff, born in 1821, and made President of the Board of Foreign Censorship in 1881, shows that he was one of the few Russian authors whose life was not clouded by storms and trials. The full edition of his works was published in St. Petersburg in 1888, with a German translation at Leipzig in 1901. Several of Miakoff's poems are here presented in English. Another paper treats of "Two Anglo-Russian Philanthropists" who greatly aided in the reform of Russian prisons. "To visit Christ in the dungeon" meant, in old Russian custom, to send a member of the imperial family to the prison, who arranged the release of a debtor. A half-dozen other papers on fresh themes, with reviews of books, seem to show that this journal is a necessity to all who wish to keep informed as to the inner life of the Russians.

There are few countries, perhaps, in which slavery is a matter of sex. Korea, however, is a kingdom in which only women are still kept in involuntary servitude. For certain services done without a regular compact, certain kinds of servant boys are called "common slaves," though they are not really such; but women slaves are still bought and sold. In the *Korean Review* for April, besides papers on "The Status of Woman," there is a very valuable one on "Slavery in Korea." A woman may become a slave in four ways—through poverty, or debt; because of attainder of treason in the head of the house of which, as wife, daughter, sister, or servant, she is a member; or by the death of a slave woman (her daughter or "seed slave" being compelled to take her place); or through voluntary entrance into servitude. The writer asserts there is "not a single male slave in all the realm of his Majesty, the Emperor of Ta-Han." Since 1895 the punishment of wives or daughters for their hubsands' or fathers' sake has been done away with—a great step in judicial ethics. There is a good Rip Van Winkle story, a variant, which, besides being of submarine location, explains also the name of the "Monastery of the Ocean Seal." With other valuable lore and information, there are chapters on Korean history, and a merciless exposure of the slovenly inaccuracies of Mr. Alfred Stead, who spent a few days in Seoul, and was there probably "stuffed" by some old resident, who enjoyed taking in the rapid-transit traveller.

In *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number five, Prof. Th. Fischer directs attention to the condition, unparalleled in Europe, of the people of Apulia in southeastern Italy. Though mainly agriculturists, and increasing in number, they live, not on their farms or in villages, but in large towns separated from each other by extensive uninhabited tracts. In the daytime the towns are absolutely deserted by the men, who are at work in fields, orchards, or vineyards sometimes two or three hours distant. This occasions, among other evils, great poverty; the most an able-bodied peasant can earn, even with the aid of his wife, is from $80 to $100 a year. The cause, so far as it is due to natural and not inherited conditions, is the scarcity of water. To some districts all the drinking-water is brought by rail. The problem for the Government to solve is whether, by the construction of large reservoirs, the people can be induced to live on the land they cultivate.

The women contingent in French higher educational institutions does not yet attain the proportions that prevail in Germany. While in the latter country, out of some thirty-two thousand students, a little over two thousand are women, in France, out of a total of 30,370 found in the institutions of this grade, exclusive of technical colleges, the total number of women is 1,084. Of these, 673 are natives, and 311 foreigners; 412 women are students of medicine, 21 of law, 360 of philosophy and pedagogy, 43 of mathematics and the natural sciences, and 73 of pharmacy.

The ministerial decree ordering that foreign terms be eliminated from German textbooks for schools as rapidly as possible, is being systematically carried out. Lately it has been decided that Geometry shall in the future be called *Raumlehre; Physik* is to be supplanted by *Naturkunde*, etc. As yet no German equivalent for Chemistry has been found.

The Royal Society's Catalogue of Scientific Papers, volume 12 (supplementary volume), has been issued. In it are catalogued the most important articles which appeared from 1880 to 1883 in upwards of 350 periodicals and Transactions of societies not previously indexed. A few modifications of the method used in compiling the previous volumes have been introduced, notably the omission, in most cases, of references to mere abstracts of papers. It is announced that the Catalogue for 1883-1900, and the classified index to the first twelve volumes, are in preparation. With the publication of these volumes, the undertaking for which the Royal Society assumed the sole responsibility comes to an end. The work of cataloguing scientific papers for 1901 and onward is in the hands of an international organization, through which scientific institutions of various countries will coöperate in the preparation of an International Catalogue of Scientific Literature, arranged under authors and subjects; the subject catalogues appearing as separate volumes.

Dr. Florentino Ameghino has been appointed director of the National Museum of Buenos Aires as successor to the late Prof. Charles Berg. The Museum has been reorganized, and six sections—geology and mineralogy, palæontology, botany, zoölogy, anthropology, and biology—have been established. This new organization and the approaching removal to more suitable quarters will, it is hoped, enable the Museum to extend its field of research, and to publish the results of investigations more frequently. The seventh volume of *Anales* will soon be issued.

The Rijks Ethnographical Museum at Leyden (situated within a stone's throw of the Pilgrim Fathers' former residence, and across the Rapenburg Canal, where was the Commandery, which Miles Standish probably visited) has one of the best collections in the world of articles of every sort illustrating humanity in Asia, primitive America, and Insulinde or Island India. The report of the director, Dr. Schmeltz, for 1901 shows unusual richness in the Japanese and Korean departments, though the Dutch dominions also are well represented. The plates illustrating the important additions revealing the art of Japan and of Upper Laos in Siam, are reproduced with spirit and elegance. In the purely anthropological department we notice the finding of some teeth and a bone (tibia) of the famous Pithecanthropus, who, or which, may turn out to be the "missing link," and whose statue at Paris (chiefly gypsum) attracted so much attention, as being an instance of the scientific use of the imagination.

In the forty-first annual convention of the Swiss Gymnasium (or College) Teachers the special discussion was on the pronunciation of the letters *c* and *t* in Latin. It was demonstrated to general satisfaction that in the classical period of the Latin, *i. e.*, in the first Christian century, these letters were always pronounced like *k* and *t*, and not like *z* before *e*, *i*, and *y*, and the demand was made that the original pronunciation of such words as *natio* and *Cicero* be restored. This has actually been already done in Bern, Basel, and elsewhere. It was, however, also shown that, as early as the time of Charlemagne, the softer *z* pronunciation had been introduced from Italy.

The International Congress of Historical Sciences, which was to have met at Rome, Italy, last spring, has been definitely postponed until April, 1903. An archæological congress, which was to have been held at the same time, was the cause of the postponement. The Italian archæologists (*genus irritabilissimum*) started a controversy which raged for some time and embroiled the members of both congresses. The matter was finally left to the Minister of Public Instruction, who has decided upon April of next year as the best date for the meeting. The Congress already numbers nearly a thousand adherents, but others may now

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join by sending the fee of 12 francs to the Secretary, 18 Via dei Greci, Rome, Italy. The American Committee formed last year for the purpose of assisting the work of the Congressuin this country will continue its existence; and further information may be obtained from the Secretary of the American Committee, No. 118 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York.

—The guide to Italy of the Macmillan series is a handy volume for the whole peninsula (excluding Sicily and Sardinia), calculated for those who have little time at their disposal, or for those whose appetite for "sights" is easily satisfied. It may be conceded that this class will need more than an entire page about Bordighere, and will be content with a line about the frescoes at Saronno, as well as that many things interesting to the thoroughgoing traveller should be omitted altogether. Still, frequent as are the omissions, the book, like a pocket dictionary, surprises rather by what it includes than by what it leaves out. It is incomprehensible that the hasty traveller should care for the elaborate dissertations on painting and architecture furnished in the prefatory matter. Any one capable of reading these will surely demand a more complete list of examples in the body of the book. The accounts of education, social condition, the tenure of land, etc., on the other hand, may be welcome to any reader. The hotels, as a rule well chosen, are by themselves in a separate list; there is a sort of mere mention of towns along the hundred routes given, while a more detailed description of the most important follows in alphabetical order. There are about fifty maps and plans, including one of ancient Italy and one of Italy before 1858.

—'Die Riviera,' by W. Hörstel, No. xi. of the series entitled "Land und Leute," published in Leipzig by Velhagen & Klasing (New York: Lemcke & Buechner), is a thin octavo abundantly illustrated from photographs known to all frequenters of this coast, and addressed to the ordinary reader. The historical survey is scarcely more than would be deemed necessary for a guide-book; and of art and archæology there is still less; but scenery, climate, geology, vegetation, and industries are more fully dealt with. As to all these, what is given is drawn from good sources and is trustworthy and accurate. The chief value of the book is in its account of the inhabitants. It is well known that the Ligurians do not enjoy an enviable reputation among their neighbors, and the winter visitor is apt in his first years to be seduced by their winning manners into an unreasoning enthusiasm over them, which, with more diversified experience, he is equally apt to exchange for unreasoning contempt. Herr Hörstel refers to the popular judgment as to the faithlessness of the men, without, however, quoting what is said of the women, as well as to Dante's terrible

> "Ahi Genovesi, uomini diversi
> D'ogni costume, e pien d'ogni magagna."

And yet he does not surrender his own opinion, which is founded upon the people as he has known them, and is singularly unprejudiced and just. Indeed, we do not know where to look for a fairer appreciation of these much misunderstood Ligurians, although our author neither says the best that might be said of the higher development of which they are capable, nor the worst that is true of the baser sort. And, whether from reticence or other cause, he does not allude to the numerous affiliations of the entire region with Tarascon; but he is unexceptionable in his representation of the every-day qualities and peculiarities of its people. He gives, too, a great deal of information as to manners and customs, industries, cultivation, and condition in general. For good or for evil, the book is somewhat exclusively German in outlook. At Lerici the author does not recall Shelley, but a group of palm trees near Bordighera (one remarked by most passers by rail) suggests the fact that Victor von Scheffel once felt uncomfortably ill beneath them, and wrote some indifferent verses about his sensations, which are cited in full. *Ex pede Herculem.* We only signalize what may be taken as a quality or a defect in a work that as a whole is very praiseworthy.

—Prof. Henry E. Bourne's 'Teaching of History and Civics in the Elementary and the Secondary School' (Longmans) is not only the most elaborate, but also easily the most important, of the numerous recent works on historical "method," and will doubtless take its place among the few books of the sort which the teacher will think needful to own. The first part, somewhat less than half the volume, begins with a discussion of the meaning of history and an outline of the equipment which historical scholarship demands; reviews briefly the teaching methods in French and German schools, and, more in detail, the recent discussions and reports of educational bodies in this country; and then passes to a consideration of the historical programme for schools, particularly as formulated by the Committee of Seven of the American Historical Association. Throughout this, the most difficult part of his subject, Professor Bourne shows himself to be not only amply informed, but clear, concise, and eminently sensible. The second part presents a number of carefully worked-out studies of different historical periods—Greece, Rome, mediæval Europe, European history since 1560, the United States, etc.—illustrative of the principles enunciated in the earlier chapter, and showing in tangible form the kind of teaching which the author would have. In quantity of matter, history greatly overshadows civics, only two of the twenty chapters being given to the latter subject. The disproportion is significant, but the time seems not yet to have come when civil government can be much treated in schools save in connection with history. We cordially commend Professor Bourne's substantial volume to the attention of teachers and students.

—The English Palestine Exploration Fund, through Mr. McAllister, has just commenced excavations at a new site, Abu Shusheh, identified by M. Clermont-Ganneau in 1872 as the site of the Biblical Gezer, near Ramleh, on the edge of the Sharon plain. For some six weeks the Austrians, under Professor Sellin, have been excavating, with a fair degree of success, Ta'anuk, the Biblical Taanach, on the southwestern edge of the plain of Esdraelon. The Germans have secured a firman to excavate the ancient Megiddo, in the same neighborhood, and expect to commence work there shortly. As is well known, another German expedition has been excavating and restoring in an admirable manner the great temple of Jupiter Heliopolitanus at Baalbek, and the neighboring smaller temples. This work, which has already occupied about two years, will require more than another year for its completion. In addition to this the same expedition has excavated some smaller but interesting ruins in the Lebanon, on the edge of the Beka, in the same general region. This summer the same expedition is exploring the ruins of Palmyra, Gerash, Amman, and similar less-known sites east of the Jordan for the purpose of a more thorough study and comparison of Syrian-Roman architecture and antiquities. The Germans are peculiarly active in exploration in Turkey at the present time. In addition to the two expeditions mentioned above, they are excavating also at Miletus, at Pergamos, and at Babylon, and are about commencing excavation of a little-known Babylonian ruin mound, apparently of great antiquity, south of Nippur, between the Tigris and the Euphrates.

—In 'Le Miroir de la Vie' (Paris: Hachette & Cie.) M. de la Sizeranne, the French critic of English painting, gives us four essays upon art as the reflection of life—art studied not for what it is in itself, but for what it can tell us of the changing conditions and ideals of men. In "L'Esthétique des Batailles" he shows how war was first sculpturesque, then picturesque, and is now no longer either, since it fails to occupy artists as a subject for art; he concludes that war will finally cease, not because philosophers shall teach that it is useless and wicked, but because artists shall no longer persuade that it is beautiful and glorious. In "La Caricature" he reviews the course of that art from the pyramid builders to the draughtsmen for *Life*, including many things as caricature that some of us would be likely to exclude from that category, and drawing conclusions that are at least debatable. Perhaps the most interesting of these are that caricature is, of its nature, conservative; that, by its personifying tendencies, it is an ally of Cæsarism; and that, by its tendency to put the concrete in place of the abstract, the image in place of the idea, it tends to undo the work of the press. In "La Modernité de l'Évangile" he shows how and why art has always tended to represent the events and personages of the Gospel in the surroundings and costume of the artist's own time, and maintains that the reason such representations shock us in the art of to-day while they do not in the art of the fifteenth century, is not that our artists are more learned or less sincere than were the elder artists, but simply that modern costume is ugly—or, as he prefers it, "inesthétique." This distinction between what is ugly and what is unæsthetic is one of the least tenable he makes, for an artist would deny that the old felt hat is ugly or the *bel habit* anything but ugly. It is true that an ugly old man may be a magnificent subject for Rembrandt; but is this not because, though ugly as a man, he is really beautiful as a surface for the display of light and shade? Finally, M. de Sizeranne discusses "Les Portraits d'Enfant," and the

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light they throw upon the different way in which children have been regarded at different epochs. As a whole, his book will be found stimulating and suggestive reading by those who care for art as a part of general culture, even if it contains little for the student of art for its own sake.

CRAWLEY'S STUDY OF PRIMITIVE MARRIAGE.

The Mystic Rose: A Study of Primitive Marriage. By Ernest Crawley, M.A. The Macmillan Co. 1902. Pp. xviii, 492.

At first blush the title of this book might seem to mark it as one of the many fantastic contributions of the "new thought" school of "psychology." No one, however, who had read the author's discussion of "Sexual Taboo," published in the Journal of the Anthropological Institute (London) for 1895, of which the present volume is more than a mere expansion or elaboration, could entertain such a suspicion. 'The Mystic Rose' is dedicated to Mr. J. G. Frazer, author of 'The Golden Bough,' and Mr. Crawley has evidently imitated his master in choosing a title that means both less and more than it should. The book is named from "the most prominent ideal personality for modern Europe in this connection, the Maiden-Mother, the Mystical Rose, whose figure enshrines many elemental conceptions of Man and Woman and their Relations." The author's general thesis is that "marriage, both in ceremony and system, is grounded in primitive sexual relations"—a truism lost sight of by many writers upon the subject, who have interpreted primitive custom by non-primitive ideas, attributed legal conceptions to folk-thought, and created pseudo-syntheses in which the sexual relations are almost completely obscured. The cardinal idea about marriage in primitive psychology is that "the union of man and woman amounts to identification and combination of the two sexes." Hence taboos, ceremonies, devices, magic black and white, etc. (born of or demanded by sexual solidarity or sexual weakness, the active and the passive natures of man and woman), the intent of which is to guard against or to render harmless sexual relations that are, physically or spiritually, unnatural, imperfect, too complete, or dangerous in other perceived or imagined ways. Mutual contact may be tabooed, on the one hand, because the persons contemplating marriage, or for whom marriage may be desired, are so different or so distant that their union would be perilous for one or for both; or, on the other hand, the taboo may express the danger likely to arise when persons too like and too near come together. Ideas of contact are at the root of all conceptions of human relations at any stage of culture, and the physiological and psychological implications of this fact for primitive peoples are the basis from which, by help of the "primitive religious mental habit," marriage systems and marriage ceremonies have been evolved. But Mr. Crawley is careful not to assume, as Frazer seems to do, that "the origin of the marriage system was to be found in some primitive conception of danger attaching to the sexual act." So narrow a view is unnecessary when we consider the primitive identification of the real and the imaginary; the confusion or combination of the human and the "spiritual"; the association of disease and illness with evil spirits (also heat and the like); the observation of functional and organic crises (puberty, menstruation, child-birth, etc.); primitive ideas of childhood and old age, of property, of contagion, and transmission of qualities from sex to sex and from parents and ancestors to children and descendants; belief in the virtues of imitation, disguise, and deceit.

Moreover, there is good reason to believe, with Mr. Crawley, that "marriage rites of union are essentially identical with love-charms, and other marriage rites coincide with precautions taken to lessen the dangers of contact between the sexes, not only in ordinary life, but at the critical age of puberty" (p. 318). The taboo between engaged couples exists because "their state is a re-presentation of life in the family, where sister and brother are kept apart; and the sanctity of the home, in the primitive sense, is preserved by the mother on the principles of sexual taboo" (p. 316). The "couvade" and the treatment of the mother-in-law are "savage" customs, which, as the author remarks, have added much to the gayety of nations. The former, according to Mr. Crawley, falls under the head of attempts at contact-sympathy "always tending to pass into substitution and exchange of identity" (p. 425); it is intended to protect both wife and child, for "the savage is a better man than he is generally painted, and has a real altruism and marital responsibility." The avoidance of the mother-in-law (common enough in civilization) is with primitive peoples often a real part of the marriage system, and is a taboo of contact between relatives for the purpose of avoiding danger, which reaches its maximum in the *uku-hlonipa* system of the Zulus. The godparents of the present day, who have so little to say to their protégés, are not so far removed from the "bridesmen" of the Beni-Amer, who "may not speak to [the bride] for the rest of her life, but are sworn to defend and protect her, and actually do so when her husband's conduct requires it" (p. 263). Many modern customs and practices in connection with betrothals and marriages (and remarriages) mask primitive ceremonies which "show both the taboo character of bride and bridegroom and also an attempt at disguising them by fictitious change of identity."

Mr. Crawley's criticisms of other theories and subsidiary explanations, even when not convincing, are keen and sometimes witty. "Group-marriage," the last position of the theory of primitive promiscuity, is held to be individual marriage modified in polygamous and polyandrous directions. Certain theories about promiscuity, incest, etc., are "cases of mental actualization of apparently potential states which were really impossible except as abnormal occurrences" (p. 482), and we may reasonably believe that "individual marriage has been, as far as we can trace back, the regular type of union of man and woman." Actual "capture," Mr. Crawley thinks, is only "a method of obtaining a wife," not a mode of marriage, and he regards as exploded the theory of "marriage by capture" as an explanation of exogamy, or of an alleged change from the paternal to the maternal household. The essence of exogamy is "the prohibition of marriage within the house" (p. 443)—in early times it is "a family and not a tribal matter." The object of marriage ceremonies "is not and never was to join together the man or the woman, as the case may be, with the life, or blood, or flesh of the *tribe*." Of this "sentimental socialism," as the author terms it, "there is no trace in primitive society, though there are facts which look like it. . . . Marriage is between individuals and is an individualistic act" (p. 320). What is miscalled "marriage by purchase" is in reality a development from the "bride gift," and not vice versa. The "bride-price" was originally "a pledge, a part of one's self, given to another and received from him" (p. 387), and the principle involved "is more personal, more religious; there is less of price and more of value, more of the pledge than of profit and loss." Besides, with primitive peoples, buying and selling "have not the same sordid connotation as they now have."

The "tree marriage" (in India and elsewhere) is "a good instance of the primitive fashion of make-believe by which an effigy does duty for a person, all risks being thus obviated" (p. 340). In these mock ceremonies the intention is thereby to secure the harmlessness or success of the real ceremony. Perhaps something of this idea still attaches to modern wedding rehearsals. The institution of bridesmaids, groomsmen, etc., is the crystallization of "the very natural practice of being accompanied on these, as on other important occasions, by a friend of one's own sex." The attendants are really *duplicates*, the idea in question being "'safety in numbers,' combined with similarity of costume," for they are often dressed to resemble the bride or the bridegroom. The "best man" is not, as has been suggested, "the strongest of the bridegroom's friends who assisted him in capturing the bride from the foreign tribe." As Mr. Crawley remarks, in this matter "it is sex, not the tribe, that is concerned," and the origin of marriage ceremonies is hinted at by the way in which, for a longer or a shorter period after the wedding, "the women stand by the bride and the men by the groom."

Very important among primitive peoples is "what may be called *physiological thought*, subconsciously arising from and concentrating upon physiological functions (especially the two chief functions of nutrition and sex)." Nor is modern men without a large share of this "physiological thought," for the juxtaposition in our laws of *mensa* and *thorus* reminds us of what was once a chief object of man's regard. Another generalization which the author feels justified in making concerns "the high morality of primitive man," something the Imperialists who swear by McLennan and Letourneau should take to heart. Indeed, besides being a new and interesting book on marriage, this volume deserves to be read by all who desire to know something about the moral and social characteristics of the so-called "lower" and "higher" races of man. From it they may learn how closely akin are all human beings when it comes to the expression of the fundamental relations between man and woman. Selden, the famous lawyer of the seventeenth century, said, "Marriage is a desperate thing," and the nurse of the

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late Cecil Rhodes, chiding him for remaining a bachelor, declared, "Marriage is nothing; you says *snip* and she says *snap*." Primitive man's idea was certainly nearer that of the lawyer than that of the nurse, but not too near, if we read aright.

Altogether, Mr. Crawley, while pushing the taboo idea too far here and there, has given us a worthy companion for Westermarck, and, we might say, the most human book about marriage we yet possess. To the excellent topical index an alphabetical list of authorities should have been added, and the author ought to have been more careful in normalizing his English equivalents for the names of foreign peoples and savage tribes.

ADMIRAL JOHN WINSLOW.

The Life of John Ancrum Winslow, Rear-Admiral, United States Navy. By John M. Ellicott, Lieutenant U. S. Navy. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1902.

In spite of the generally unfounded notion to the contrary, the nation can safely repose confidence in the conservatism of naval officers when men like Winslow write, as he did in 1846, apropos of the forerunner of the Venezuela war-cloud: "By newspapers we have seen the passage of the Oregon question through the House. Our own people seem mad with their braggart course in this question, while England, with a power that could crush us, mildly invokes pacific measures. I think it ungenerous in the United States." And again, from Vera Cruz during the Mexican war: "One has only to see the misery which war creates to become sick of its horrors." We are confirmed in the belief that the professional warrior is often the least bloodthirsty of men.

To tell the story of Winslow's life in a manner to arouse and maintain the reader's interest was no light undertaking, for the quiet and conscientious performance of one routine duty after another, at times and in places rarely marked by thrilling events, appeals but slightly to a public which craves the excitement of the marvellous and joyfully swallows the incredible without question. Lieut. Ellicott has discharged his duty as biographer with great tact. He has had the wisdom to let Winslow speak for himself, and has supplemented the extracts from Winslow's official and private correspondence by such comment and explanation as were necessary to make the matter clear.

It was in the Mexican war that Winslow received his baptism of fire, behaving with great gallantry in command of a detachment of sailors in the attack on Tobasco. His expressed opinion that the war was unjustifiable did not prevent his doing his whole duty in action. He had the good fortune, in the civil war, to share in the operations which secured the control of the Mississippi River by the Federals. This part of the narrative is very readable in itself, and it is also instructive as showing the difficulties which attended the building up of the river force that did such important work towards the suppression of the rebellion.

For ability, Winslow was never rated very high by his contemporaries; but the esteem of such a leader as Foote, "who immediately applied for Commander Winslow as his chief assistant in fitting out and organizing the flotilla," must be allowed much weight as a corrective to a vague general impression, even if the latter suggests at the same time a temperamental disadvantage. Certain passages in his home letters convey the idea that he was self-centred in a small way not in the least resembling Nelson's unbounded and glorified egotism. If this inference be correct, it may furnish the key to the manner of his detachment from the *Baron de Kalb*, of which the true causes are still obscure. Between the lines of the story as told we read a certain lack of harmony. Had his relations with the commander of the Mississippi squadron, Acting Rear Admiral Charles H. Davis, been altogether cordial, it is hardly conceivable that his application for change of duty should have been forwarded by the latter with an unfavorable comment. The prospect of having Porter promoted over his head and assigned to the command of the squadron was, naturally, distasteful; moreover, Winslow, having been commissioned a captain, was eligible to a much larger vessel than the gun-boat *Baron de Kalb*. In themselves, these circumstances justified his asking service in other waters.

This is the letter which had such an unforeseen effect upon Winslow's fate and fame:

"The Department, prior to ordering me to Western Flotilla, was pleased to forward for my consideration a letter of Rear-Admiral Foote.

"The conditions under which I accepted having been materially modified in the recent change of the Commander of the Flotilla fleet, I would respectfully request that the Department would assign me to other duty."

Endorsed by Davis:

"The application contained in this letter, which, if unqualified, would be regarded as an act of insubordination, is forwarded with the following remark:

"The language of Captain Winslow implies that there is a special understanding with the Department; otherwise I should recommend that the request be not complied with."

Mr. Welles acknowledged the receipt of this communication, and added: "You are hereby detached from the Mississippi squadron and placed on furlough." We wonder whether many persons outside the naval service are aware that, by law, the Secretary of the Navy has the arbitrary power to place any officer "on furlough"; that "furlough" in the navy is a terrible punishment—not, as in the army, a privilege; and that through Mr. Welles's action Winslow was practically fined at the rate of more than $200 a month, his pay being reduced *ipso facto* from $3,500 to $1,050 per annum. Under the same statute, a Winslow of today can be mulcted in $2,250 a year on the irresponsible whim of a Secretary. Such an authority, which savors of the despotism of an empire rather than of the freedom of a republic, does not exist in the army, is a menace to the self-respect of every naval officer and a disgrace to our legislation. It cannot possibly be Constitutional; but unhappy Winslows, smarting under its cruel injustice, without appeal, are too poor in purse to test the question in the courts.

We have noticed the affair at some length because it shows what may happen to any naval officer who does not bask in the light of Departmental favor; because it was the most painful experience in all his career to Winslow's sensitive nature; and because, oddly enough, it was the means of bringing to him the laurels of victory. Shortly after reaching his home in the East, he was relieved from furlough, through satisfactory explanation of his hapless letter just quoted, and, later, he was ordered to command the *Kearsarge*, the ship with which his name is for ever connected.

Lieut. Ellicott's instructive analysis of Winslow's new task brings into clear relief a fact, too often overlooked, that war, like other trades, is learned by experience and —through mistakes. Winslow took station about the Azores in the hope of catching the Confederate cruisers which occasionally appeared in that neighborhood, but the logic of events drove him to the English Channel, where, sooner or later, these piratical craft had to resort for repairs and supplies. Here he watched and blockaded and ate his heart out until Semmes arrived at Cherbourg, off which harbor the *Kearsarge* promptly appeared. For reasons best known to himself, possibly stung by the reproach that he was a mere pirate and dared not fight, Semmes sent word to Winslow to wait for him and do him battle.

How the *Alabama* came gayly out past the breakwater on that hazy, beautiful Sunday morning, June 19, 1864, her officers under the promise to return to their friends on shore with scalps at their belts; how she steamed straight for the *Kearsarge;* how the latter headed away until the thousands of spectators on the French hills thought the American vessel in flight; how the latter, when well beyond the marine league which limits neutral waters, turned and flew at her foe; how the two began circling about a common centre like opposite riders on a merry-go-round; how the rapid but ill-directed broadsides of the *Alabama's* British guns, pointed by British gunners, were no match for the slow, steady, accurate fire from the *Kearsarge's* smooth-bores —especially that from an eleven-inch pivot aimed by a cool Yankee who ought to have sprung from the loins of Long Tom Coffin himself; how one brief hour put an end to the *Alabama* and her unholy cruise as she slid stern-foremost under the water; how Semmes dramatically threw his sword overboard, after surrendering his ship, and sought safety in flight on the British yacht *Deerhound;* how Winslow received the thanks of Congress and promotion to the grade of Commodore—all these things have been told a hundred times, but never more soberly, with appeal to authority for each statement, than in this volume, which well deserves a place among the few really satisfactory lives of sailors who have brought honor to our flag. Few who open this book will be content to leave it unfinished, while all its readers will recognize the tact and skill with which the subject is treated, and the simple and pleasing style in which it is presented.

A second edition, it is hoped, will contain a map of the theatre of the Mexican war, a better one of the operations on the Mississippi, a less obscure diagram of the great *Kearsarge* and *Alabama* duel, and the correct spelling of the name of Admiral Foote's **biographer.**

Salmon and Trout. By Dean Sage, C. H. Townsend, H. M. Smith, and William C.

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Harris. Illustrated by A. B. Frost, Tappan Adney, Martin Justice, and Others. Macmillan. 1902.

The fraternity of anglers lost one of its finest representatives when Mr. Dean Sage, the leading author of the work named above, suddenly died, as our readers have been made aware. Mr. Sage had for many years been known as one of the very best authorities on salmon angling, and his portion of the present volume treats of the Atlantic salmon, its history, habits, and resorts, the tackle by which it should be taken, the handling of the fly, and many other points of interest to the practical or literary angler.

Mr. Sage was not one of the dogmatic class of anglers to whom there is but one way, definitely and minutely laid down, for handling the rod under any given conditions of time, water, or weather. Experience had taught him that the precise way in which a game fish will act is one of the hardest things in the world to predict. If it were not so, angling would be reduced to something like the regularity of a Chicago pork-packing establishment, and would possess no attraction whatever for the class of men who now follow it as one of the most successful modes of mental and physical recreation. Because of this fascination of uncertainty in it, the ill-disposed sometimes try to discredit it by calling it mere gambling, forgetting that the evil of gambling lies in other qualities than its uncertainty. It is often called a cruel sport, too, by persons who know too little of it to be aware that no class of citizens does more to minimize the waste and suffering of fish life than genuine anglers. Mr. Sage was pre-eminently of this humane type, angling not for "fun," as the adversary puts it, but for physical health and strength, mental rest and repair, with a reasonable amount of choice salmon for food by the way.

The unqualified assertion of some writers that salmon do not eat at all while in fresh water, is not borne out by the careful observations of Mr. Sage. That they take the fly in the mouth merely from a spirit of pugnacity or curiosity does not comport, he thinks, with the fact that he has occasionally taken them with the fly far down towards the stomach. He also cites several cases of salmon taking bait in fresh water; and in one case a salmon taken with the fly, on the Upsalquitch, was found to contain a small mass of angle-worms in its stomach. In another case he was assured that a salmon had been taken with a partly digested frog in its stomach; but for this he does not personally vouch. As an explanation of the well-known rarity of food being found in their stomachs when taken, even in salt water, he suggests their power of emptying the stomach through the mouth when danger calls their activity into sudden play, as the black-bass will often do when hooked. It is acknowledged, however, that salmon feed but little after entering fresh water, the appetite disappearing as the season of spawning approaches. May it not be that, under the influence of this declining appetite, their habit is to seize their prey in the mouth; squeeze the juice out of it, and eject the solid portion, just as the human stomach, under abnormal conditions, may welcome the juices of fruits and meats, while revolting at the solid parts?

The treatment of the Pacific salmons, by C. H. Townsend and H. M. Smith, is more formally scientific than Mr. Sage's part of the volume, and, as a natural consequence, less readable for the angler than for the ichthyologist. Nevertheless, it contains much information which the angler will be glad to possess, and which will aid him materially in the work of classification. It is stated that the Pacific salmon *loses its ability to eat*, after entering fresh water, owing to the atrophy of the digestive organs. The influence of the spawning function thus appears to be greater in its initial stages than with the Atlantic species, and the function has a tragic ending, as the spent fish dies almost immediately, without returning to the salt water.

Mr. Harris, in his treatment of the various species of trout, devotes his attention chiefly to semi-scientific description, and by so doing sacrifices all opportunity of appeal to the "literary angler," a personage quite often to be found in these days, and no less deserving of consideration by the writers of angling literature because circumstances have not put him in the way of handling the rod. As a kind of cushion between the practical angler who comes home by force of untoward conditions with an empty creel, and the unpitying non-angler who sees no sense in fishing when the fish do not bite, he is worth developing.

Nestlings of Forest and Marsh. By Irene Grosvenor Wheelock. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

This work, with Professor Herrick's recent 'Home Life of Wild Birds,' practically creates the study of nestling birds. So far as the present reviewer knows, these are the only books devoted to the subject by writers of popular science. Mrs. Wheelock's book is a contribution to ornithology that no student of birds should overlook. Her study of a bird family often begins with the building of the nest and the laying and brooding of the eggs, including also the length of the period of incubation; then she watches the growth of the nestlings, notes their food and the age at which they leave the nest, photographs them as they develop, observes how they learn to perch and to fly, and listens to their early attempts at singing. Her photography is not always successful, but her observations are painstaking and persistent, and her style is simple and readable. The sketches of marsh birds are perhaps more interesting than the others. Few observers have recorded so full notes of marsh work. She writes here and there of the conditions that attended these studies.

"A tramp through the marshes at four A. M., waist-deep in the lush wild grass, the mists veiling the wonderful unseen beyond, and, in the near distance, the pink of the mallows, the purple of the iris, and the yellow of the marigolds still heavy with the dew, reflecting the glories of the sunrise sky; to hear the bird chorus as you never hear it at any other hour of the day; to see the birds waken, stretch their little wings, and enjoy a morning bath, splashing and dashing as if they could never have enough of the cool fresh water; to watch them shake and preen their little wet feathers as they sit swinging on the cat-tails; to follow their flight over the glistening green, dipping, rising, circling in matchless curves—is not all this well worth the sacrifice of a morning nap?

"But the marsh is a faithful keeper and guards its secrets well. Much hard work, many discomforts, some danger, and small success will often be the sum total of a day spent there. The little marsh people are shy and very, very wily."

Mrs. Wheelock's marsh birds are two blackbirds (the red-wing and the yellow-head), the long-billed marsh wren, and the rail. The following extracts from the account of the wren show her manner of work:

"The nest we had chosen to watch was in the centre of a little island of rushes separated from the main marsh by a passage just wide enough to punt a duckboat through. Here we lay, partly concealed, while the anxious little father scolded and sang by turns, and then, with deliberate intention to deceive, commenced to build a dummy nest in full view of us. Evidently his heart was not in his work, or our presence made him nervous, for it was not well done and he left it one-third completed to commence another a few feet farther away. This was repeated day after day, until four had been started and two finished in a radius of ten feet by the same industrious builder. All the material brought was wet, having just been picked from the water. . . .

"Not once did he go near his real treasure. The four beautiful tiny brown eggs were housed in the oldest, most tumble-down house of them all. One would never suspect it of being selected for a home among so many fresh green new ones. The doorway also was on the inland side, so that it looked to be only a ball of dried water-grass among the rushes. The doors of the dummy nests, on the contrary, were usually in plain view from the lake and invited inspection. . . .

"It took fifteen days for the eggs to hatch, and afterwards such a long, long time before the first downy head peeped through the doorway. The mother was not a close sitter, whether because of our presence or because she knew the warm sun would help in her task. It was certainly steaming inside that round ball, and the tiny eggs felt like hot pebbles to my prying fingers. She left for two hours at a time, and this, with an open nest in a tree, would certainly prove fatal to the eggs after incubation had begun. . . .

"On the morning the first egg hatched, . . . we cautiously pushed up to the doorway, and, on finding there were young, cut a slit in the top of the nest to look at them. Four naked pinky nestlings, with wee heads, mere knobs for eyes, and buds for wings, lay cuddled down within. After satisfying our curiosity, we tied the slit up with rushes and left them. Before we could push the boat away, the little mother had entered the nest, not two feet away from us. . . .

"As in the case of most young birds, we had to teach them to perch; and a comical task it was. The tiny claws had never learned to clasp, and yet by instinct they fastened to the rushes, and the little ball of down tried to balance itself on its uncertain little legs. . . . They liked to cuddle down on our fingers or hop up my arm to the shoulder, and took especial delight in hiding inside my shirt-waist sleeve, entering at the wrist, which the heat had compelled me to unfasten. . . .

"During the hour or two we were playing with the babies, the father and mother remained within a few feet, calling somewhat anxiously, but not greatly alarmed. I held a little one out on my hand and went almost up to the mother before she took wing. Had not the great heat (106 degrees) driven us out of the marsh, I am sure more patience in waiting would have conquered her fear of me, and she would have fed him on my hand. Before we were four feet away, she had returned to them with a fat June bug in her beak, and all was serene again in the little home."

Facts and Comments. By Herbert Spencer. D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Spencer's life has been prolonged beyond his own hope, and beyond what men may reasonably expect. Nevertheless, his mind is so clear, his feeling so strong, his determination so great, as to make the an-

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nouncement that this is positively his last book seem inappropriate. It is true that the material of it consists largely of chips from the author's workshop. While he was writing systematic treatises, ideas suggested themselves which, although not fitted for the occasion, were worth recording, and this collection of essays is the result. But the subjects are frequently broad and of present interest, while Mr. Spencer is as sententious as Bacon, and arouses in his readers the wish, nowadays rather unusual, that he would expand and continue his argument. Few men can write more forcibly or reason more clearly; his years have brought him weakness of body, but they have not impaired his mind.

Mr. Spencer informs us that for the last dozen years he has been tethered by ill health to the south of England, where he has usually spent the summer in the house of some gentleman farmer whose family and surroundings fulfilled the needful conditions; "one being the presence of young people." He continues, with grim humor: "Taking, in my daily drives, two ladies as companions, and being generally unable to bear continuous conversation, I put a check on this by asking one or other question not to be answered without thought." This method of securing companionship, while substituting silent reflection for conversation, Mr. Spencer hardly needs tell us, became a habit with him. He enjoys exercising the reasoning powers of his readers, and he especially enjoys exposing the fallacies of which they are presumptively guilty. He is undeniably censorious; probably he would admit that he was given to fault-finding, but he would say that it was because there was so much to find fault with. His standards are high and his virtue austere; we may properly call him

"Justum et tenacem propositi virum,"

for when he has taken a position he is immovable. He would be startled if he found himself popular; to be in a small minority, even a minority of one, does not disturb him. It is no reason for modifying his views or even for considering whether they need modification. "Athanasius contra mundum" is his exemplar; the question whether others agree with him in a conclusion which he has reached by due logical process, is quite irrelevant. Logic, indeed, is caviare to the general; most social problems are as far beyond the grasp of ordinary people as the calculus, and it is absurd to pretend to defer to their judgment.

The number of subjects touched upon is so great as to make it impossible even to enumerate them. In a few cases, the opinions expressed will command no respect; but they are generally stimulating, even when exasperating in their perversity. The propositions laid down concerning music illustrate our meaning. Historians will be interested in the assertion that when the Southern States seceded, the sentiment of England, judging from the tone of the journals, was altogether favorable to the North, Mr. Spencer had the files of the London press examined in order to determine this point, and found the evidence conclusive. Antagonism to the North was aroused in England by "undeserved vilification." Mr. Bagehot, it may be remembered, pointed out how our "suspension of specie payments," as we used to call it when we defaulted in our promises, alienated the financial world. Whatever savors of socialism, of course, meets with Mr. Spencer's condemnation, and much of the book is filled with such matter; true, perhaps, but vain as the prophecies of Cassandra. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that Mr. Spencer should be embittered and acrimonious. He gives us light, but not sweetness. Hence it is touching to find him at the end, in answering the question, "What should the skeptic say to believers?" tenderly considerate of those to whom this life is made tolerable only by the belief in a future life. "Nothing but evil can follow a change in the creed of such; and, unless cruelly thoughtless, the Agnostic will carefully shun discussion of religious subjects with them." Severe as he is, Mr. Spencer cannot help saying that it seems a strange and repugnant conclusion that, with the cessation of consciousness at death, there ceases to be any knowledge of having existed. His final word is: "Of late years the consciousness that, without origin or cause, infinite space has ever existed and must ever exist, produces in me a feeling from which I shrink."

The White World: Life and Adventures within the Arctic Circle, Portrayed by Famous Living Explorers. Edited by Rudolph Kersting for the Arctic Club. New York: Lewis, Scribner & Co. 1902. 8vo, pp. 386. Illustrated.

This is a collection of yarns, sketches, and stories, by various members of the Arctic Club, informally told, as if to the tinkle of ice in tall glasses, while memory peered through clouds of fragrant Havana. Hence it is obvious that the narrators are not to be held to the stricter limitations laid down for purveyors of scientific, historical, or literary essays, but treated rather as the good fellows of a club evening, each contributing, according to his gifts, something for the common entertainment.

Viewed in this light, the result is a success, and the reader will find in one or another of the brief contributions amusement, excitement, pathos, or tragedy, as he may choose. The average Arctic book depends for its interest upon literary skill or exceptional adventure, so thoroughly has the field been covered by the contributions of a long line of explorers. Even under the best conditions, a large part of each book is given up to details of minor interest. But in the present publication we have, as it were, the plums without the duff, and a majority of the chapters are very pleasant reading. We may, without being invidious, mention especially Brainerd's "Farthest North with Greely"; Middleton Smith's "Superstitions of the Eskimos"; "An Arctic Honeymoon," by Mrs. Florence Leonard Lee; and "Eskimo Music," by Robert Stein. Albert White Vorse gives, under the somewhat inapplicable title of "America's First Polar Expedition," an account of some of the squabbles and perplexities in which the organizers of the Wilkes Exploring Expedition were involved; but as no reference is made to Capt. Symmes and his "Hole," the reader may be warned that Mr. Vorse is far from having exhausted the subject. Other contributors are Amos Bonsall, the sole survivor of the second Grinnell expedition; Biederbick, Long, Dr. Cook, Walter Wellman, Albert Operti; and nearly a dozen more whose names are associated with exploration or adventure in the North. Appropriately enough, the illustrations include portraits of the contributors, as well as many Arctic views and pictures of Eskimo. Readers in search of cooling literature for the heated term, and all those who enjoy tales of Arctic adventure, will profit by and appreciate this undertaking of the Arctic Club, and feel under obligations to the editor and publishers who have carried it out so well.

Die Deutschen Universitäten und das Universitätstudium. Von Friedrich Paulsen. Berlin: A. Asher & Co. 1902.

This the latest work by the author of 'Die Geschichte des Gelehrten Unterrichts,' will no doubt find many readers among the members of university and college faculties in this country. No one is better qualified to write on the subject than Professor Paulsen, and the value of the present volume is enhanced by the fact that only one-seventh of its space (eighty pages) is devoted to historical retrospect, while the remaining 482 large octavo pages contain a frank up-to-date discussion of the contemporary university in all its important phases. Statistics are sparingly introduced; as a rule, only to demonstrate certain conditions or tendencies discussed in the text. The historical sketch, though brief, is not dry; facts form links in the chain of historical development—a development often quite as striking in its retardations as in its progress. Thus, the atmosphere of the territorial confessional university of the 17th and 18th centuries was as close and as stifling to real intellectual freedom in the newly founded Protestant as in the older Catholic universities. The sudden overthrow of the scholastic philosophy was in reality not as complete as it appeared through the spectacles of the humanist; it revived in the 16th and 17th centuries, and lives in the Catholic seminaries of to-day. The defeat of Latin eloquence and verse, in their turn, at the hands of the "moderns" under the leadership of Thomasius, was followed by the extension of the prevailing French influence to the universities; and the Latin language as the medium of lecture-room instruction —than which nothing is more convenient to the mediocre teacher who has only traditional knowledge to communicate (to quote Döllinger)—did not go out of use till many generations later. Instruction in the sciences had been growing in importance as the age of the Renaissance receded, yet the medical faculty remained long the weakest of all; as late as 1805 all the Prussian universities had but 144 students of medicine, as compared with 1,036 in jurisprudence and 555 in theology.

In general the development of university instruction is designated by Paulsen as tending from the practical-dogmatic to the theoretical-academic. The old university acted on the supposition that the truth had been given, and it was for the instructor to transmit it; the new university acts on the supposition that the truth is to be found, and it is for the teacher to fit the student for this task. Of the part taken by individual universities and scholars in the general development little could be said within the narrow limits which Paulsen set him-

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self. The influence of Halle and Göttingen, however, which amounted to a complete transformation, during the eighteenth century, of academic conditions in Germany, is duly set forth. But, as has been hinted, the most interesting and valuable part of Prof. Paulsen's book consists in his treatment of the existing conditions of university life and work. The manifold problems, intellectual, moral, and practical, are here discussed throughout in the author's habitual liberal-conservative spirit. In speaking of the procedure of filling professorial chairs, the writer incidentally expresses his inability to share the indignation felt by many of his colleagues at the establishment of a chair of history for a Catholic in the University of Strassburg; he sees in this action "merely the recognition of the fact that the historical world, seen from different standpoints, assumes different aspects." In the growth of the already disproportionately large contingent of Jews among academic teachers, on the other hand, Prof. Paulsen sees a real and threatening problem. The modes of remuneration of professors, by means of fixed salaries, lecture fees, etc., the momentous questions of the professor's twofold duty as investigator and teacher, and of the methods of university instruction, by lectures, seminary exercises, etc., form the subjects of exhaustive discussion. Due reference is made to the well-known views on the latter subject of Prof. Bernheim, E. von Hartmann, and others, and this portion of Prof. Paulsen's book really constitutes a useful treatise on the theory and practice of lecturing, replete with suggestions which instructors in our higher institutions will do well to ponder.

A partial bibliography of about ninety titles—all but three or four of nineteenth-century publications—and a good index conclude the volume.

Lamarck, the Founder of Evolution: His Life and Work. With Translations of his Writings on Organic Evolution. By Alpheus S. Packard, M.D., LL.D. Longmans, Green & Co. 8vo, pp. 451, illustrated.

Lamarck was the founder of evolution, the discoverer of the theory of descent, the first to outline the genealogical tree, and the author of many works of great scientific importance. He was the greatest and most philosophical of French naturalists, yet personally very little is known of him. He left almost nothing autobiographical; his contemporaries gave few details relating to him or his life. The present volume contains more about him than any previous attempt, but it has nothing of childhood and youth except the date of birth, the birthplace and its present condition, and the fact that, while being schooled for the Church, he quit to become a soldier. Concerning his later years there is somewhat more. Promoted an officer on the field, he then, being disabled, after a year in the hospital, was a bank clerk for awhile, and studied medicine for several years before he turned to science and became a botanist. At about thirty-four years of age he published his 'Flora of France,' a work which brought him recognition, popularity, and opportunity. As court botanist he travelled and collected in different parts of Europe. His first publication in zoology, on Molluscs, appeared when he was forty-eight; still later, he dropped the plants to occupy himself with invertebrate animals, doing his greatest work on them, until age and blindness prevented.

The first to teach evolution and descent—heretical doctrines in the eyes of the Church—he met with ridicule and persecution, in part probably from jealousy of his early successes. His popularity waned, and, though lecturing and publishing well toward the end, at his death his body was placed in a trench of the unknown and uncared for, whence his bones were thrown on the heaps in the Catacombs and lost. It is from his numerous publications and his lectures, and from notes relating to his duties in the Garden of Plants and the Museum of Natural History, that most concerning him is drawn. In the lack of other material, his writings and teachings are specially dwelt upon. Half or more of the volume under examination is in quotations and translations, to render the matter more exactly. The greatest import lies in the discussion of Lamarck's philosophy and its bearings on the science of his time or of the present, and in a fair presentation of his views in comparison with those of contemporaries or of men of earlier or later times. The author has a full appreciation of the breadth of mind, originality, industry, and persistence of his subject, and of the permanent value of the philosophy, as also of the systematic work in botany and zoölogy. In the comparative discussions, the treatment of the views of Buffon, Erasmus Darwin, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, Cuvier, Charles Darwin, and others is particularly interesting, and clearly shows the great extent to which some of the most modern conclusions in science have been anticipated. The volume is a good addition to the literature on great naturalists; no other gives so just and full an idea of Lamarck and what he did. Of the four portraits, the frontispiece, a side face, is the weakest, hardly as good as the relief from which it appears to have been taken. A better one, perhaps, to have given with the other three is a front face of later date, representing Lamarck in blindness and poverty, and giving a much more effective idea of the helpless giant as he sat in the darkness waiting for death.

Besides some defects chargeable to the proofreader, several minor items may be noted. The Discourse of 1803, translated in chapter xvi., is omitted from the bibliography. The date of death is said to have been accurately ascertained, but, if so, it has been lost in the telling: "The 'acte' states that December 28, 1829, Lamarck, then a widower, died in the Jardin du Roi, at the age of eighty-five years"; this is followed by—"The obsequies, as stated in the *Moniteur Universel* of Paris for December 23, 1829, were celebrated on the Sunday previous in the Church of Saint-Médard, his parish," and the second sentence from this, again, is, "At the interment, which took place December 30, M. Latreille, in the name of the Academy of Sciences, and M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, in the name and on behalf of his colleagues, the professors of the Museum of Natural History, pronounced eulogies at the grave"; on the next page, "De Monnet de Lamarck buried this 20 December, 1829," etc., is copied from the register, and several pages farther along it is said that "At a session of the Professors held December 22, 1829, the first meeting after his death," etc. The last chapter, that on Neolamarckism, is so much in the nature of a lot of testimonials as to raise a question whether it adds either to strength or to completeness in a history of 'Lamarck, his Life and Work.'

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Billy Burgundy's Letters. J. F. Taylor & Co. 75 cents.
Crothers, T. D. Morphinism, and Narcomanias from Other Drugs. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders & Co. $2.
Day, H. F. Pine Tree Ballads. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Farrow, G. E. The New Panjandrum. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Gordon, Julien. World's People. J. F. Taylor & Co. $1.50.
McMaster, J. S. McMaster's Commercial Paper (Illustrated). The McMaster Co. $2.
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